BAD BOYS II

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FADE IN:

1 INT. BURNETT HOME, VARIOUS - NIGHT 1

Al Green plays softly on the stereo as we move through this modest suburban house. Passing the remnants of a candlelight dinner for two. Up the stairs...

2 INT. BURNETT HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

A bedroom door flies open. Wearing boxers, MARCUS BURNETT drags SHORTY the family dog by the collar out of the bedroom.

MARCUS
Tell you all about it later.

3 INT. BURNETT HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

THERESA lies on the bed, wearing a sexy nightgown. Marcus shuts the door, hurries back to her, but the phone RINGS. Theresa reaches for it...

MARCUS
Don't answer that! I'm not on duty.

THERESA
It could be Mike.

MARCUS
Nah. He wouldn't do that to me.

THERESA
What if he's in trouble?

MARCUS
He's a Miami cop. He can handle the kids for one evening.

The phone finally stops ringing. Marcus smiles. Returns to the bed. They get down to business...but a CAR ALARM goes off outside. Theresa sighs, frustrated.

THERESA
I wish Mike had taken his own car.

MARCUS
You know he'd never let our kids in his Porsche. Now, just ignore it. It'll stop.

Marcus kisses her, but the alarm kicks up a notch to a new, more urgent tune. Theresa looks at Marcus. He sighs.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Goddamn stupid-ass car alarm. Worse than kids.

He goes to the window and sees a TOW TRUCK DRIVER loading Mike's shiny new Porsche onto his flat bed tow truck.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Oh, hell no!

4 INT. STATION WAGON, MOVING - NIGHT 4

MIKE LOWREY drives the Burnett kids home. Mike fusses with the shitty car stereo mix. It's hopeless. In the back seat, QUINCY (11), JAMES (9), MEGAN (7) punch and kick each other.

QUINCY/MEGAN/JAMES
Ow!/Scrub!/Uncle Mike!

MIKE
All right. That's it! I'll give you all fifty bucks if you just shut the hell up.

They all instantly shut up.

5 EXT. BURNETT HOME - NIGHT 5

In his robe, Marcus comes running out of the house just as the TOW TRUCK peels out, the Porsche locked on the flatbed.

MARCUS
Hey!

Marcus sprints after the truck. Lunges for the flatbed...

WHUMP! Marcus lands hard. He digs his fingers into the corrugated ramp.

Just then, the STATION WAGON rounds the corner up ahead.

6 INT. STATION WAGON, MOVING - NIGHT 6

Mike finds OLD GUM stuck to the back of his pant leg. Tries to pick it off. Doesn't see the TOW TRUCK pass them, going the other way. But the kids all see it.

QUINCY
Um, Uncle Mike...

MIKE
Don't blow it, Quincy.

QUINCY
Isn't that your Porsche?

Mike looks up, sees his beloved Porsche getting towed and MARCUS clinging to the flatbed.

MEGAN
Isn't that daddy?

7 INT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 7

The tow truck driver glances in his rearview mirror. Sees Marcus edging toward the cab, waving frantically at him.

MARCUS
Whoa! Stop the truck!

The tow truck driver SLAMS on the BRAKES.

8 EXT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 8

The tow truck skids to a stop, sending MARCUS tumbling forward. He SLAMS into the back of the cab.

9 EXT. BURNETT HOME - NIGHT 9

The station wagon skids to a stop. Mike throws open the door, and the kids pile out.

QUINCY
What about the fifty bucks?!

The station wagon peels out in pursuit of the tow truck.

10 EXT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 10

Marcus tries to stand, but the tow truck driver PEELS OUT again, sending Marcus flying backwards.

11 INT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 11

The driver checks his rearview mirror. Sees he hasn't shaken Marcus yet. Annoyed, he reaches into his glove compartment. Pulls out a GUN. SHOOTS at him through the back window...

12 EXT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 12

Bullets chase MARCUS who dives behind the Porsche.

MARCUS hides behind the Porsche. Considers his next move. The STATION WAGON speeds up, pulls alongside. MIKE calls out...

MIKE
What the hell you doing to my car?!

Marcus turns. Surprised to see Mike.

MARCUS
What the hell you doing home so early?!

13 INT. TOW TRUCK, MOVING - NIGHT 13

The tow truck driver whips the wheel hard.

14 EXT. MIAMI STREETS, VARIOUS - NIGHT 14

The TOW TRUCK slews into a tight turn. Clips a curb. The truck bed bounces up, knocking MARCUS on his ass.

The STATION WAGON chases the truck around the turn, then pulls alongside again.

MIKE
Who's driving the truck?!

MARCUS
Motherfucker with bad taste in cars and a big fucking gun!

MIKE
Get away from my car. You're gonna get it shot!

MIKE accelerates, and the STATION WAGON pulls up alongside of the truck cab. Mike holds up his badge. Yells to the tow truck driver.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Police! Pull over!

Instead, the TOW TRUCK DRIVER SHOOTS at him...

MIKE ducks. BLAM! The wagon's windshield EXPLODES!

THE STATION WAGON swerves wildly. Slams into the side of the tow truck.

MARCUS gets knocked right off the side of the flatbed. He dangles precariously, one arm and one leg on the side-rail. By his feet...

THE FLATBED LEVERS. He kicks at them, desperate. Hits one. The winch releases, and the truck's flatbed STARTS TO RISE forming a ramp.

The TOW TRUCK DRIVER checks his rearview mirror, but the inclined flatbed blocks his view. Ahead, a four-lane highway.

15 EXT. MIAMI THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 15

The TOW TRUCK and the WAGON shoot into traffic, side by side. The inclined ramp drags on the road, a wake of SPARKS.

The PORSCHE bounces on the ramp, its parking brake on. MARCUS pulls himself back onto the truck bed. Shouts to Mike driving alongside.

MARCUS
Throw me your keys!

MIKE
What the hell for?!

MARCUS
I wanna listen to the motherfucking radio! What the fuck you think I want 'em for?

MIKE
Forget it! I special ordered that car. Waited six months for it. No way I'm gonna let you mess it up!

The TRUCK and STATION WAGON dart and weave through traffic. MARCUS clings to the Porsche's sideview mirror.

MARCUS
Either you give me the damn keys, or I'm gonna bust in your window!

Marcus holds up his elbow, ready to pile-drive it through the driver's side window.

MIKE flinches, tosses Marcus the keys. He catches them. Smiles like a kid. Mike never lets him drive his car.

MIKE
Remember, it's a stick!

16 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, ON THE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT 16

Marcus clicks open the door. Clambers into the custom driver seat. Starts the engine. It purrs. Marcus takes the parking brake off.

17 EXT. MIAMI THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 17

The PORSCHE suddenly shoots backwards OFF THE TRUCK RAMP...

The winch CABLE catches and JERKS the Porsche to a stop.

18 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, BEING DRAGGED - NIGHT 18

MARCUS shifts gears, accelerates, fights the wheel.

19 EXT. ANOTHER MIAMI THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 19

The truck barrels down the road, dragging the tethered PORSCHE behind like a dingy.

20 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, BEING DRAGGED - NIGHT 20

Mike's car phone RINGS. Marcus hits the speaker.

MARCUS
What?!

SEXY WOMAN'S VOICE
Hey, baby. I'm waiting. Where are you?

MARCUS
Who's this?

SEXY WOMAN'S VOICE
It's Cherise. Who's this?

Marcus realizes. Clears his throat. Disguises his voice.

MARCUS
It's Mike. Didn't I tell you I'm babysitting tonight? For my partner?

SEXY WOMAN'S VOICE
You said you could ditch those kids.

21 EXT. ANOTHER MIAMI THOROUGHFARE - NIGHT 21

The TOW TRUCK rounds a corner. The PORSCHE is whipped wide behind it, TIRES squealing...

It swings right for a TELEPHONE POLE...

MARCUS throws the wheel, punches the gas...

The PORSCHE narrowly misses the telephone pole. Swings back onto the highway still in the tow truck's wake.

MIKE breathes a sigh of relief, until he sees...

Up ahead, the light turns red, and an 18-WHEELER pulls into the intersection.

MIKE pulls out his gun. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Shoots at...

The winch cable. SPARKS FLY. A couple misses, then...SNAP! The PORSCHE is released just as...

The TOW TRUCK DRIVER sees the SEMI. SLAMS ON HIS BRAKES...

But MARCUS can't see anything behind the tow truck...

Without warning, the tow truck SKIDS and SMASHES INTO THE 18-WHEELER. Crashes to a dead stop.

But the Porsche keeps going. Right back up the tow truck ramp and IS LAUNCHED over the tow truck AND the 18-wheeler...

MARCUS screams mid-air. How the hell I'd get up here?!

MIKE watches, horrified.

The PORSCHE lands hard on the other side. Spins out. Stops.

MIKE hurries to his baby. Quickly inspects it. Not a scratch. It sparkles like something out of a new car ad.

MARCUS gets out. Fuming.

MARCUS
Goddamn car. Pussy magnet my ass. I had it for <u>two hours</u>. I didn't get no pussy. How you ever get laid with a car like this?!

22 EXT. THE ARUBA, NORTH ATLANTIC - NIGHT 22

A MASSIVE CARGO VESSEL cuts through the cold black sea.

QUICK SHOTS:

23 CARGO HOLD. A FORK LIFT trundles into position. Pulls out a flat of crates. BEHIND THEM, 75-gallon plastic industrial containers. 23

24 ON THE DECK, a plastic container is craned up from the cargo hold. Several plastic containers already line the deck. 24

25 THE LEADER of the operation stands on the deck. This is ROLF TIERHOOK (30, white, intense). He moves to the plastic container. POPS it open, revealing... 25

NEAT BUNDLES OF HEROIN wrapped in baggies. He slams the container shut. Satisfied. Then, calls to the seamen...

ROLF
Dump it.

SEAMEN shoulder the containers off the deck. The containers plummet end-over-end...SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! And disappear into the black Atlantic.

26 EXT. MIKE'S MANSION - MORNING 26

The first Bad Boys must've made Mike lots more money, 'cause this house is three times the house we saw in that movie. Award-winning design. Right on the beach. 180°-views.

27 INT. MIKE'S MANSION, VARIOUS - MORNING 27

Marcus lets himself in. Calls out.

MARCUS
Yo, Mike! Let's go! Captain just called. Shit went down at the harbor last ni...

His voice trails off as a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN wearing a sheer, short robe passes him.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Good morning.

MARCUS
(agog)
Good! Morning!

Marcus watches her as she moves to the kitchen, her robe barely covering her ass.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Do you know where Mike keeps his coffee cups?

MARCUS
Oh. I think they're on the top shelf. Up there. Real high.

She reaches up. Her robe hikes up. Marcus strains to sneak a peek, but the kitchen island just...blocks...his...view.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Where...? Oh, here they are.

She finds the cups in a low cupboard. Turns back to Marcus.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)
Want some?

MARCUS
I'm married.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Excuse me?

MARCUS
I mean, no thanks.

28 INT. MIKE'S MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING 28

Marcus enters to find the covers pulled up over a sleeping heap. Marcus grabs the covers...

MARCUS
Get your lazy ass outta bed --

He yanks off the covers to reveal...ANOTHER SCANTILY CLAD GORGEOUS WOMAN. She rolls over sleepily.

GORGEOUS WOMAN
Mikey?

It's not Mikey. It's Marcus. She pulls the covers back.

GORGEOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)
Who're you?

Mike enters from his closet dressed in a designer suit.

MIKE
Yo, that's my partner, Marcus.
Marcus, Dina. Dina, Marcus.

GORGEOUS WOMAN
I'm Darlene.

MIKE
Oh, right.

MARCUS
<u>Dina's</u> in the kitchen.

MIKE
So, you met her already.

Mike smiles at Marcus, like "what can I say?"

MIKE (CONT'D)
Darlene and Dina are Miami Heat cheerleaders.

MARCUS
(wants to cry)
Cheerleaders? Damn.

29 EXT. STATION WAGON, MOVING - MORNING 29

Marcus drives. Mike rides shotgun.

MARCUS
I thought you "ditched" my kids to go out with Cherise last night.

MIKE
Well, someone told her I was busy, and I guess I was. 'Cause when I got home, Darlene and Dina were waiting for me at my door.

MARCUS
You know, there comes a time in a boy's life he grows up and becomes a man. Gets married. Has kids.

MIKE
You just mad 'cause I messed up your night. Lemme make it up to you. I'll come by tonight. Take the whole family to dinner.

MARCUS
Nah, we got plans.

MIKE
Syd can come too.

Marcus shoots Mike a look.

MARCUS
Who told you about Syd?

MIKE
Well, first Quincy. Then, Megan and James. When were you gonna tell me?

MARCUS
After she left. Maybe.

MIKE
That's cold. Syd and I go way back.

MARCUS
You barely know her. And I don't like the way you say her name. She's my sister.

MIKE
She's your half-sister. And how's that other half coming along?

MARCUS
Well, you know us Burnett's. Older we get, more we all start looking the same. Her last picture, she look just like me. 'Cept maybe her ears stick out a little more.

MIKE
I know she's pretty.

MARCUS
She's ugly. Just 'bout the ugliest woman on Earth since they cured leprosy.

MIKE
Damn. She must be gorgeous.

30 EXT. MIAMI HARBOR - DAY 30

Mike and Marcus head toward a fishing trawler cordoned off with police tape. DETECTIVES RUIZ and SANCHEZ greet them.

RUIZ
Better let us handle this. I hear you guys can't swim.

MIKE
Nah, you fall in the water, birds be washing up on shore with oil and shit stuck to their feathers.

They reach the gangplank where a young, fresh-faced UNIFORMED COP stands guard. This is LT. CURTIS.

SANCHEZ
What do we got, rookie?

CURTIS
Not much. Captain just wanted to check what smelled worse. Your breath or a boatload of dead fish.

Mike and Marcus laugh. Ruiz and Sanchez shrug, unimpressed.

RUIZ
That wasn't funny.

MARCUS
I'm laughing.

CURTIS
Mike's been training me.

Mike and Curtis bump fists.

MIKE
That's my boy, Curtis. Keep it up, you'll make detective in no time.

31 EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - DAY 31

CAPTAIN HOWARD leads the detectives across the deck.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Fisherman fished some bodies out of the ocean early this morning. Thought you might want to take a look, being that you're detectives and all.

MARCUS
Captain, if you've got dead bodies, why don't we get Homicide down here, 'cause we're Narcotics.

Captain Howard ignores him. Pulls back a tarp, revealing TWO DEAD BLOATED BODIES. Man #1 face-down. Man #2 face-up.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Recognize him? Joey Ward AKA J-Daddy AKA the Scumbag we just let out of jail 'cause he was supposed to lead us to a big heroin bust?

MIKE
And all this time we thought he was full of shit.

RUIZ
Guess he proved you two wrong.

Mike pushes Man #1's body over. Putrid sea water trickles out of his mouth.

Marcus fights to keep down his breakfast.

MARCUS
Why you always doing that? You can't just turn over a dead body. That shit came outta his mouth coulda been evidence. I say we leave this crime scene for the folks in Homicide.

MIKE
Anybody know this guy?

SANCHEZ
Whaddaya think? They got in a fight? Shot each other?

Mike peels the man's drenched jacket aside, revealing a HOLSTERED SEMIAUTOMATIC GUN.

MIKE
I think they walked into some serious shit and never saw it coming.

32 INT. MIAMI POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR - DAY 32

The detectives move down the hall with Captain Howard.

MIKE
Last week, Joey Ward met with Jimmy Bautista. Said Bautista used to be small-time dealer, but apparently he's been working his way up.

MARCUS
Bautista's been flashin' a lot of cash. Talking about making some big deal. We tailed him for a few days. Nothing.

MIKE
He just didn't act like a dealer to us. Thought maybe Joey was selling us some bullshit to get his ass outta jail.

Captain Howard considers this. Stops. Grabs a CLIPBOARD off the wall. Holds it up to Mike and Marcus.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
You guys know what this is? It's called "paperwork." Used to help Captains supervise their divisions.

Captain Howard flips through the forms.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
There's your Daily Call Sheet, Case Assignment Record, Monthly Summary, and Investigator's Case Deposition. Any of these sound familiar?

MIKE
Come on, Captain. You know, if we spent all our time filling out those forms, we'd never have any time left to bust the bad guys.

RUIZ
We do our forms. End of every shift.

MIKE
Proving my point.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
See, I didn't know anything about what you just said because I don't have a single form completed by you in I don't know how long.

MARCUS
That's because we've been working the Bautista thing.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Ruiz, Sanchez, you're tailing Bautista.

MIKE
I'm telling you, you're wasting your time.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Lowrey, Burnett. I want your Case Assignments, Depositions, and Monthly Summary report for last month. No, make that the last two months.

33 EXT. BURNETT HOME, BACK YARD - EVENING 33

The Burnett's are having a barbecue. The kids play in their new aluminum above-ground pool. Marcus works the grill.

SYDNEY "SYD" BURNETT is here now, and she is sassy, smart, and every bit delectable. She stands with Marcus.

MARCUS
Must be nice to take a vacation. You know, I take a day off, and the crime rate goes way up.

SYD
I already busted so many bad guys, jails are all full. DEA begged me to take a break.

Theresa emerges from the house.

THERESA
So, Syd, you got a man? Don't hold back on me. I wanna hear everything.

MARCUS
Nuh-uh. I don't need to hear any of that. Not when I'm roasting weenies.

THERESA
Ignore him. He's just mad 'cause he hasn't gotten any in awhile.

MARCUS
Don't you start talking about our sex life.

THERESA
What's there to talk about?

34 INT. BURNETT HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING 34

Marcus rummages through the refrigerator, agitated. He finds a beer. Pops it open. Can't drink it fast enough.

The WHINE of a high-performance sports car out front interrupts.

35 EXT. BURNETT HOME - EVENING 35

Mike hops out of his Porsche. Grabs a bottle of wine. Heads toward the front door, but he's cut off by Marcus.

MARCUS
What're you doing here?

Mike looks to the back yard. Realizes...

MIKE
You having a barbecue? And you didn't invite me?

MARCUS
Only 'cause I didn't want you here.

MIKE
Marcus. We're like brothers. That makes Syd my sister too.

MARCUS
I know what's gonna happen. You're gonna get with her. Then a couple days, maybe a week later at the most, Syd's calling me all cryin', asking me why you haven't called.

MIKE
That won't happen.

MARCUS
Damn right it won't, 'cause you're gonna swear it won't happen. Man-to-man. Partner-to-partner. Right here. Straight up.

MIKE
All right. I swear.

36 EXT. BURNETT HOME, BACK YARD - EVENING 36

Theresa sees Mike enter with Marcus.

THERESA
Oh good. Mike.

Mike sees SYD and stops. She used to be pretty but now...wow.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Syd, you remember --

SYD
-- Mike Lowrey.

Syd flashes Mike a sly smile. Likes what she sees.

SYD (CONT'D)
You look so much...better than Marcus described you.

MIKE
Oh, everyone knows Marcus can't describe nothing. One time he worked with a sketch artist, criminal came out looking like Gumby.

Mike hands Syd the bottle of wine.

SYD
What's this for?

MIKE
Congratulations. I read about your bust in Johannesburg.

SYD
You keeping up on me?

MIKE
Marcus talks about you all the time.

MARCUS
I do not.

Syd eyes Mike up and down. Marcus glares at her. Theresa grabs his arm.

THERESA
Marcus, I need your help in the kitchen.

37 INT. BURNETT HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING 37

Theresa drags Marcus inside.

MARCUS
You see the way she's lookin' at him?

THERESA
Syd's a grown woman. Leave her alone.

MARCUS
Do you know what Mike has over his Jacuzzi? A leather swing. Think about that.

38 EXT. BURNETT HOME, BACK YARD - EVENING 38

Syd notices the wine label on the bottle Mike's given her.

SYD
Pulligny Montrachet, '92.

MIKE
You know it?

SYD
I got a bottle chilling over there.

Mike sees the same bottle of wine in the ice bucket.

SYD (CONT'D)
Can't come to this house empty-handed.

MIKE
'Less you like drinking cherry brandy.

They laugh. Mike pops open the wine.

39 INT. BURNETT HOME, KITCHEN - EVENING 39

Mike enters, starts searching through the cupboards.

MARCUS
What about the promise?!

MIKE
I'm not doing anything.

MARCUS
When you talk to Syd, I want you to think of me. She's my twin. Me with a wig.

MIKE
Anyone look like that, they wouldn't be here. They'd be working for the circus.

Mike pulls out two mismatched wine glasses.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Don't you got any wine glasses without a gas station logo on it?

40 EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC - TWILIGHT 40

The sun sets over calm seas. Not a boat in sight as the last light of day fades into night.

Suddenly, THREE OCEAN CAMOUFLAGED TARPS are pulled back to reveal THREE STEALTH SPEEDBOATS lying low in the water. Each boat has a CREW of three.

On one boat, ROLF pulls out a hand-held GPS. It PINGS.

Rolf gives a hand signal. All three boats' twin 420-horse-power ENGINES fire up, and the stealth boats take off...

41 UNDERWATER. A SMALL GREEN LIGHT FLASHES. 41

42 THE THREE STEALTH BOATS cut their engines. Drop anchor. 42

The crewmen peer anxiously at the water's surface as Rolf pulls out a REMOTE. Presses a button.

43 UNDERWATER. CO-2 instantly inflates balloons. 43

44 OCEAN'S SURFACE. The industrial plastic containers the cargo ship dropped earlier suddenly POP OUT OF THE WATER... BOOOSH! BOOOSH! BOOOSH! 44

The neutral buoyancy containers bob on the surface.

45 EXT. BURNETT HOME, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 45

Later. The barbecue's over. Marcus cranes his neck, watching as Syd walks Mike out. Mike looks back to Marcus, nervous.

MIKE
Syd, I gotta tell you --

SYD
-- Shhh.

She pulls Mike out of the house by his hand and shuts the front door.

SYD (CONT'D)
Marcus is in there about to have kittens, thinking about what we're doing out here.

Mike tries to pull himself away from Syd.

MIKE
Look. You're Marcus' sister, and I really don't think you and I is such a good --

SYD
-- As if I'd ever go for someone like you.

MIKE
(stops, stung)
"Someone like me." What's that supposed to mean?

SYD
You know... You. The flashy guy with the Porsche, the bad pick-up lines, and a Palm Pilot filled with girls' names and their search criteria. Like, "Cherise. Gymnast."

MIKE
Who told you about Cherise?

SYD
Quincy. He also told me all about the cheerleaders, the twins, the throat doctor...

46 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 46

Mike drives. Not happy about being told exactly who he is. A SUBURBAN drives by. Something about the DRIVER, the way he looks, makes Mike suspicious.

Mike watches the Suburban pass. Its brake lights flash as it slows in front of the Burnett house, then continues on.

47 INT. BURNETT HOME, DEN - NIGHT 47

Marcus leads the dog across the den. Notices a SHADOWY FIGURE go by outside. Marcus stops.

48 EXT. BURNETT HOME, SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT 48

Gun at the ready, Marcus creeps around the side of the house comes upon the PROWLER...

MARCUS
Freeze, motherfu--

The prowler turns. It's MIKE. They both scare the shit out of each other.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
The hell you doing?!

MIKE
Shhh!

MARCUS
Oh, I get it. Thought you'd sneak back here to get with Syd.

Mike cover Marcus' mouth, pushes him back into the shadows, and points to the street where the SUBURBAN drives by again.

MIKE
Someone's casing your house.

This time, the Suburban stops.

MARCUS
Must be some of the dumbest criminals in the world, come casing the home of a police officer --

MIKE
-- Who ain't got no money.

Just then, SYD sneaks out the front door. Dressed in black. She looks around furtively, hurries to the Suburban, then hops in, and they pull away. Marcus is stunned. So is Mike.

MARCUS
Where the hell <u>she</u> goin'?

49 EXT. N. FEDERAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 49

The Suburban weaves through traffic. Several car-lengths behind, Mike's new Porsche expertly tails them.

50 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 50

Mike works the clutch. Feathers the brakes. Zips between two cars. Marcus holds on for the white-knuckle ride.

MARCUS
Watch the truck!

MIKE
I got it.

51 EXT. N. FEDERAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT 51

Mike's Porsche accelerates. Cuts off the truck. The DRIVER lays on his horn.

Up ahead, the Suburban cuts across traffic.

52 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 52

Mike veers abruptly, follows it.

MARCUS
Little safety tip. Signaling's not for you. It's to warn other drivers about all the crazy shit you're about to do. Might wanna try it sometime.

MIKE
You're stalking her. You know that.

MARCUS
You don't know Syd. She takes risks. Drives too fast.

MIKE
And how are you related?

53 EXT. BAY HARBOR, STREET - NIGHT 53

Industrial buildings line Florida's Intercoastal Waterway. The SUBURBAN slips into an alley, stops at a cannery.

The PORSCHE rolls to a stop across the alley.

54 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 54

Mike and Marcus watch as the cannery loading dock door rolls open and the Suburban pulls in.

MARCUS
She's on a stakeout.

55 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 55

DEA AGENTS monitor CAMERAS and other arcane SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. We'll give two of them names, DEA AGENTS LATIMER and BAADEN. Syd and the Suburban driver enter.

SYD
What's up? Deal wasn't supposed to go down 'til Friday.

AGENT LATIMER
Got a coded page an hour ago. It's happening tonight.

AGENT BAADEN
You were followed.

SYD
I know. Somebody bring them in before they blow everything.

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the loading dock door. Syd sighs. Opens the door. Mike and Marcus enter.

MARCUS
Hey, everyone.

AGENT BAADEN
Who're these guys?

MARCUS
(flashes his badge)
Miami PD. Nice of y'all to give us a call. Let us know what the hell you're doing in our neighborhood.

SYD
This is an international matter. We couldn't risk it. Operational security. You understand.

MARCUS
That's so like you. Your juris-diction's bigger than my jurisdiction.

Mike moves to the bay of surveillance equipment.

MIKE
So, what're we looking at here?

Agent Baaden looks to Syd. She nods, and he steps back. Mike takes a peek through the camera. THROUGH THE CAMERA, we see a dilapidated dockside warehouse. Red GHOST-LIKE BLURS move inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Ooo, you got infrared. Nice. Looks like they got five...six...seven men. Heavily armed. They're serious.

AGENT BAADEN
A major shipment of heroin from South Africa is coming in tonight.

MIKE
How do you know? You got a Magic 8-Ball?

AGENT BAADEN
We got an operative. Been working deep cover for a couple months now.

AGENT LATIMER
Vehicle approaching.

AGENT BAADEN
That's him.

Mike peers out the window. THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see a SEDAN pull to a stop behind the dockside warehouse. Something about the DRIVER catches Mike's attention. He looks through a video surveillance camera.

THROUGH THE CAMERA, we zoom in. A MAN grabs two heavy duffel bags, then enters the warehouse. Mike laughs.

MIKE
That's your deep cover? Bautista?

SYD
You know Bautista?

MARCUS
Guess you guys didn't notice us tailing his ass for a few days.

SYD
(scoffs)
You were not.

MARCUS
Were so. We're that good. Believe it.

MIKE
Now, why doesn't the Captain ever listen to me? I told him Bautista wasn't a drug dealer.

56 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 56

A cavernous space housing an indoor dock where the STEALTH BOATS now sit. Gated doors open out onto the waterway. An old BULK MILK TRUCK sits parked near the loading docks. "BAUTISTA" is searched by Rolf and a SECURITY DETAIL. These men are heavily armed white South Africans, ex-military types.

BAUTISTA
What's this about? I thought we were on for Friday.

ROLF
We were ready tonight.

57 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 57

A DEA Agent wearing headphones monitors a computer which digitally enhances and records the muffled conversation.

ROLF (ON THE SPEAKER)
I'd like you to meet someone.

BAUTISTA (ON THE SPEAKER)
What for?

58 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 58

DEVON CRAWLEY (45) emerges from a warehouse office. He is a white Afrikaner from the Apartheid regime. A man used to wielding a lot of power.

DEVON
Because I like to meet the people I do business with face-to-face...

59 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 59

The DEA Agents listen.

DEVON (ON THE SPEAKER)
...Look them in the eye. Get a gut feeling about them...

60 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 60

Devon walks a circle around Bautista.

BAUTISTA
Well, hurry up, 'cause I'm missing *Survivor*, and I wanna get back in time for *CSI*.

DEVON
I've done some checking. You've done quite well for yourself.

BAUTISTA
Yeah, fucking great place, America. Someone like me, a poor man from Puerto Rico, can work hard, buy a mansion, and live next door to the Mayor.

DEVON
Yes, that's happening in my country too.

BAUTISTA
Yeah, I'll bet all that anti-Apartheid shit really ruined your day.

61 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 61

Syd listens hard. Static intermittently interrupts.

DEVON (ON THE SPEAKER)
Not entirely. The dissolution of the government brought about other more exciting opportunities.

SYD
Like smuggling heroin. Bring it out so we can arrest your ass.

BAUTISTA (ON THE SPEAKER)
So, where's the stuff?

MIKE
Bet it's in the truck. Air tight container inside.

DEVON (ON THE SPEAKER)
It's around.

BAUTISTA (ON THE SPEAKER)
Right. You wanna the money first.

62 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 62

Bautista kneels down, unzips the duffel bags. They're both stuffed with CASH. Devon regards the money. Doesn't move.

BAUTISTA
See? It's all here. Count it if you want.

63 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 63

Mike and Marcus exchange a knowing look.

MIKE
Did he just show the man the money?

MARCUS
I think he did.

MIKE
That's not good.

SYD
Why not?

MIKE
'Cause he didn't ask to see the money.

64 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 64

Two men grab Bautista. Throw him down into a chair. Rolf turns his gun on him.

BAUTISTA
What the fuck?!

DEVON
I've known a lot of cops, and you smell like a cop.

65 INT. CANNERY - NIGHT 65

Mike and Marcus get out their guns, move to the door.

SYD
What're you doing?!

MARCUS
This little thing we do in the Miami PD. It's called "back-up."

SYD
You bust in there, you'll blow the whole thing!
(they leave)
Goddammit!

66 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 66

Mike and Marcus pull out their guns as they move stealthily down the alley behind the dockside warehouse.

67 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 67

Bautista struggles with the men.

BAUTISTA
I'm not a cop!

68 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 68

Syd chases down Mike and Marcus.

69 EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 69

Mike and Marcus move to a side door. Peer in through a dirty window. Talk in whispers.

MARCUS
This should be easy. Seven guys with big fucking automatic rifles.

MIKE
Yeah but we got surprise on our side.

MARCUS
Yeah-yeah. Good. Go in and surprise 'em. I'll cover you.

They go to bust in, but Syd stops them.

SYD
You touch that door, I'll shoot you!

They turn to find Syd, her gun on them.

SYD (CONT'D)
Bautista's solid. The best. He's gonna get out of it. Just give him a minute.

70 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 70

Devon signals to Rolf who presses his gun to Bautista's head. Bautista's feigns righteous indignation.

BAUTISTA
You know what this is? Fucking defamation of character, that's what. Calling me an undercover cop. Word like that gets out on the street, nobody'll ever deal with me again.

Rolf's finger tightens on the trigger. A tense moment.

Then suddenly, Devon's henchmen enter with RUIZ and SANCHEZ. Hands bound. Mouths duck-taped shut.

HENCHMAN
Found them outside.

71 EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 71

Mike and Marcus see Ruiz and Sanchez through the window.

MARCUS
Oh...shit...

SYD
(apoplectic)
Who the hell are they?!

MIKE
They were tailing Bautista.

72 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 72

Bautista is confused and shitting bricks.

HENCHMAN
They're Miami police.

BAUTISTA
I don't know who the fuck those guys are. I swear to God.

This time, Bautista's telling the truth, but Devon doesn't believe him. Bautista's fucked, and he knows it. Then...

BOOM! Mike, Marcus, and Syd burst in, guns at the ready.

MARCUS
Police!

SYD
DEA!

ROLF wheels around, firing.

BAUTISTA tackles Rolf from behind. Sends him sprawling to the dock floor.

In an instant, EVERYONE IS SHOOTING.

MIKE expertly takes out two henchmen. MARCUS takes out another.

GUNFIRE chews up the corrugated metal walls all around.

DEVON runs for cover, shooting at...

RUIZ and SANCHEZ. Ruiz takes a bullet in his ass as they dive for cover the only place they can...

INTO THE WATER. Which would be fine if their hands weren't bound. They sink like weights.

73 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 73

A half dozen DEA AGENTS sprint to the warehouse.

AGENT BAADEN
(into a radio)
Shots fired! 15674 NE 19th Avenue.

74 INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 74

Mike and Marcus see Ruiz and Sanchez disappear underwater. No time to think about it. They go after them...

A HENCHMAN chases Mike and Marcus with bullets as they race across the dock and dive...

75 UNDERWATER. 75

Mike and Marcus swim through murky water. A trail of blood follows Ruiz and Sanchez as they fall to the harbor floor. Helpless. Panicked. Drowning.

76 ON THE DOCK 76

HENCHMEN pin Syd down with a hailstorm of gunfire.

ROLF and BAUTISTA on the dock. Rolf pulls a hunting knife from his boot. Stabs Bautista in the stomach. Then pushes Bautista off and scrambles to...

The STEALTH BOATS. Rolf jumps in one. The two remaining henchmen jump in the two other boats.

Devon reaches for the duffel bags, but Syd shoots at him, sending him diving into one of the boats for cover.

77 UNDERWATER. 77

Mike and Marcus find Sanchez and Ruiz and yank them up toward the surface just as...

THE 420-HORSEPOWER ENGINES roar to life. The propellers churn salt water overhead.

78 ABOVE WATER. 78

Rolf shoots out the gate lock...BOOM!

The other DEA AGENTS burst into the warehouse.

As the STEALTH BOATS accelerate toward the gate doors...

DEVON SPRAYS the MILK TRUCK with AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE. Hits the gas tank...

KA-BOOM! The MILK TRUCK EXPLODES! Got Milk? If heroin was in that truck, it's incinerated now.

The STEALTH BOATS blast out onto the waterway and disappear.

Syd hurries to Bautista. Rolls him over. He's alive but hemorrhaging. She immediately applies pressure.

SYD
Got a man down here!

Mike and Marcus finally surface in the water, clinging to Ruiz and Sanchez. Gasping for breath.

The DEA AGENTS hurry to them. Pull Sanchez and the wounded Ruiz out. Mike and Marcus scramble up onto the dock.

MIKE
Which way they go?!

SYD
South.

79 EXT. INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - NIGHT 79

This natural "canal" runs for miles along the Florida coastline, just inland from the Atlantic. It's land-locked on both sides with only a few outlets to the Atlantic Ocean.

The STEALTH BOATS cut through the water, hauling ass like you've never seen. Riding low in the water.

80 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 80

Soaking wet, Mike and Marcus race to Mike's Porsche. Jump in. Peel out before they even close the doors.

81 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 81

Mike jams the stick shift into gear, guns it, then powers down his window.

MIKE
Roll down your window. You're messin' up my new car smell.

82 EXT. NE 18TH AVENUE - NIGHT 82

The Porsche blasts onto this street which runs parallel to the waterway behind a row of warehouses.

83 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 83

Buildings whip by. Between them, we catch glimpses of the waterway going by in super-fast-motion.

MIKE
And how'd you get so much damn wetter than me? You're getting water everywhere.

MARCUS
You want I just ride in the trunk?

MIKE
Your cheap ass clothes. Made outta sponge.

Mike down-shifts, throws the wheel.

84 EXT. BAY HARBOR STREETS, VARIOUS - NIGHT 84

The Porsche cuts through a walkway between two warehouses, then skids onto a street running adjacent to the waterway.

85 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 85

Through the windshield, we now see the three stealth boats.

MARCUS
There they are.

MIKE
I see 'em. I see 'em.

86 EXT. BAY HARBOR STREETS/INTERCOASTAL WATERWAY - NIGHT 86

The Porsche's engine SCREAMS. It was brought into this world to be driven like this. It gains on...

The three boats which fly over the water, going full throttle. Up ahead, the waterway takes a sharp turn at a key.

87 EXT. STEALTH BOATS, MOVING - NIGHT 87

Going so fast in the dark, Rolf almost doesn't see the turn. He throttles down. Negotiates the hairpin turn.

Just behind Rolf, Devon and a henchman follow suit. The henchman drives. And since the henchman's made it this far, we'll give him a name, VAN HOUTEN (40ish).

In the third boat, the last henchman barely makes the turn. We'll just keep calling him "henchman" because we're pretty sure he's not gonna make it.

88 EXT. VISTA ISLES - NIGHT 88

The waterway forks out of the bay and into Vista Isles, a pricey waterfront neighborhood. The stealth boats kick up spray as they veer into the isles.

89 EXT. VISTA ISLES STREETS - NIGHT 89

The Porsche follows close behind, gaining. These boats can do 70 knots, but Mike's Porsche can do 100+ mph easy.

90 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 90

Marcus is on a cell phone.

MARCUS
...Goin' South on River Drive near Las Olas. In pursuit of three boats. You heard me, "boats." Fucking fast ones. We need air support...

91 EXT. VISTA ISLES - NIGHT 91

The stealth boats slalom buoys with signs reading "15 mph."

92 EXT. VISTA ISLES STREETS/WATERWAY - NIGHT 92

The Porsche passes the last boat. Passes the second boat. Pulls even with the front boat.

They race, nose-to-nose. The Porsche on the land, the boats in the waterway.

ROLF turns his AK-47 on the Porsche. Rakes it with gunfire.

93 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 93

Mike and Marcus duck as the windows EXPLODE, spraying them with glass shards.

MIKE
Those were custom windows.

MARCUS
Here's what I want you to do. Stop buying new cars 'cause this shit happens every time you do.

Mike and Marcus return fire through Mike's open window.

94 EXT. STEALTH BOATS, MOVING - NIGHT 94

Bullets pock the hull of ROLF'S STEALTH BOAT. Rolf expertly maneuvers away. Up ahead, the waterway banks hard west.

95 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 95

Up ahead, the street dead-ends off a short pier. Across the water, there's a small island, only about 100 yards wide.

MARCUS
I think you wanna make a right.

Mike guns the gas.

MIKE
If they beat us to 20th Street, the waterway dumps into the Atlantic, then we'll never catch 'em.

96 EXT. VISTA ISLES PIER - NIGHT 96

A FISHERMAN fishes off the side of the pier. A dog and an empty 6-pack sit beside him. The DOG's ears perk up. Sounds like a car's coming. The dog growls low.

FISHERMAN
Shhh, you're gonna scare the fish.

The Porsche comes outta nowhere, hits the pier, WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMPS over the wooden slats.

The fisherman and his dog watch amazed as...

The Porsche hits the end and takes off SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, finally landing on...

97 EXT. VISTA ISLES - NIGHT 97

The Porsche bottoms out in a spray of SPARKS. Skids onto a SHORT BRIDGE that goes off the other side of the island.

98 EXT. ISLE BRIDGE - NIGHT 98

The Porsche accelerates over the short bridge...

UNDERNEATH THE BRIDGE, the concrete bridge pillars form a narrow pinch.

The three stealth boats blow by in single-file, carefully maneuvering between the pillars.

First, Rolf...WHOOSH! Then, Devon and Van Houten...WHOOSH!

The henchman in the third boat. Going too fast. Clips the pillar. SPIRALS into the ROCKS. The fiberglass boat shatters as the gas tanks EXPLODE. The henchman's toast.

99 INT. MIKE'S PORSCHE, MOVING - NIGHT 99

Mike whips the wheel, veers onto another street adjacent to the waterway, only this time, we're on the east side. Mike pulls ahead of the two remaining boats in the waterway below.

The cell phone rings. Marcus answers it.

MARCUS
Yeah? Yo, Cur-tis! My man!

Marcus looks out the window. In the sky, in the distance, we see it. A POLICE CHOPPER.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I see you. 'Bout time.

Mike sees a street sign indicating "17th STREET CAUSEWAY." Whips the wheel.

100 EXT. VISTA ISLES STREET - NIGHT 100

The Porsche skids onto the boulevard.

101 EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 101

The POLICE CHOPPER thunders over the waterway.

102 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 102

A PILOT and LT. CURTIS (the rookie). Faces illuminated by the glow of red night lights. Curtis mans a searchlight.

CURTIS
There they are.

103 EXT. STEALTH BOATS, MOVING - NIGHT 103

The police chopper descends. The searchlight follows the boats as they plow through the water at breakneck speed.

104 EXT. CAUSEWAY - NIGHT 104

This four-lane causeway runs over the water connecting Harbor Beach to the mainland. The Porsche skids to a stop.

Mike and Marcus hop out. Hurry to the railing. Look down. Here come the boats. The chopper bearing down on them.

Mike and Marcus pull out their guns. Take aim.

105 EXT. DEVON'S STEALTH BOAT, MOVING - NIGHT 105

The chopper pulls ahead. Casts its spotlight down on Van Houten who drives. But where's Devon? A beat, then...

DEVON emerges from the speedboat cabin with a long, heavy nylon bag. Unzips it. Unsheathes a portable, hand-held STARSTREAK HIGH-VELOCITY MISSILE.

Devon throws the HVM up onto his shoulder. Turns toward the chopper. And launches an anti-aircraft missile...BOOOSH!

106 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 106

Curtis and the pilot see the missile SCREAMING at them. Only a split-second's warning. The pilot pulls up...

107 EXT. CAUSEWAY - NIGHT 107

Mike and Marcus watch in horror as the missile IMPACTS the chopper...KA-BOOM!

Mike and Marcus throw themselves over the railing just as...

The CHOPPER FIREBALL cartwheels and smashes into the four-lane boulevard/bridge.

108 EXT. WATERWAY - NIGHT 108

FIERY CHOPPER SHRAPNEL rains down everywhere.

MIKE and MARCUS plummet into the water, landing just a few feet in front of Rolf's boat which almost mows them down.

109 UNDERWATER 109

Mike rolls underwater, turns up, and FIRES HIS GUN at the BOAT SPEEDING OVERHEAD.

BULLETS streak through the water, raking the bottom of the stealth boat's fiberglass hull.

110 EXT. ROLF'S BOAT - NIGHT 110

Rolf dances away as a line of bullets explodes up at him through the cockpit floor. A straight line of bullets to...

The ENGINES which smoke, sputter and cut out. GASOLINE pours into the waterway.

ROLF frantically tries to restart the engines. No dice.

In their boat, DEVON and VAN HOUTEN blow through the smoke and fire and zip by the stranded Rolf.

The fire catches the gasoline trail. Cuts a fiery swath that speeds towards Rolf's boat.

ROLF jumps just as the fire hits the GAS TANKS. KA-BOOM!

111 UNDERWATER 111

Mike and Marcus swim under the huge blanket of fire. Lungs about to burst...

112 EXT. WATERWAY BANK - NIGHT 112

Rolf swims to the shore. Sprints up the bank. But is tackled from behind by a very pissed-off Mike. Rolf rolls over and is greeted by the barrel of Marcus' gun.

ROLF
This is America. I got rights!

Marcus smashes him in the face with his fist.

MARCUS
Not until I read them to you, motherfucker.

113 INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY 113

Ruiz lies in bed, his ass in a sling. Mike, Marcus, and Sanchez are all here.

RUIZ
I love you guys. You know that.

MIKE
Now, don't start talking like that. They didn't shoot your dick off. You're still a man.

SANCHEZ
No really. We love you.

MIKE
Come on. I just insulted you. Throw one back at me. Let's have it.

RUIZ
I can't. You're too beautiful.

Now, Captain Howard enters. Fuming mad.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Two of my men are dead, and that bitch from the DEA tells the U.S. Attorney that our prisoner is theirs.

SANCHEZ
That's bullshit. Mike and Marcus collared him.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Turns out Rolf Tierhook used to be a cop in South Africa, and the DEA wants him back in Cape Town. Bitch said, "This is more than a little city police matter."

Marcus forces a smile. Mike clears his throat, trying to get Captain Howard to "ix-nay on the itch-bay."

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
Can you believe that shit? Worse part is, when I see her, all I can think about is her getting me in a scissor-lock with those legs.

Captain Howard now notices Marcus looking strained.

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you?

MIKE
Um, that "bitch from the DEA" is Marcus' sister.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
You gotta be kidding me.
(to Marcus, incredulous)
Your sister's busting my balls?

MIKE
Oh, she's good at that.

114 INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL, ICU - DAY 114

Bautista's here. Bandages and tubes everywhere. Sleeping.

Syd stands by his bed, watching him. Marcus enters.

MARCUS
How is he?

SYD
Pissed off we wasted six months of work. Other than that, he'll live.

115 INT. MIAMI HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY 115

Syd and Marcus exit ICU, move down the hall.

MARCUS
You shoulda told me you were working.

SYD
Marcus, I love you, but you're always getting in my way.

MARCUS
Name one time I got in your way.

SYD
Let's see, when I got my ears pierced, my first date, my second date, anytime I went out, of course The Prom, when I enrolled in the Academy, when I joined the DEA --

MARCUS
-- I was right about the Prom. Your date turned out to be a criminal.

SYD
My date turned out to be a Senator.

MARCUS
I was only doin' what dad woulda done.

She stops. Looks at him.

SYD
I'm only doin' what dad woulda done too.

116 EXT. MIAMI BOULEVARD - DAY 116

Lights flashing, a DOZEN MIAMI MOTORCYCLE COPS and TWO HEARSES lead a solemn funeral PROCESSION of SEDANS and POLICE CARS.

117 EXT. MIAMI MEMORIAL CEMETERY - DAY 117

Rolling fields of green grass, trees, and gravestones.

QUICK SHOTS:

118 Two cherry wood CASKETS. Draped with two American flags. 118

119 POLICE OFFICERS fight back tears as Lt. Curtis and the police chopper pilot are eulogized by Captain Howard. 119

120 A YOUNG WOMAN clinging to a picture of Lt. Curtis, sobbing. 120

121 The POLICE PILOT'S WIDOW. Grief-stricken. Holding a folded American Flag, leaning on THERESA for support. 121

122 A sea of UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS wearing white gloves salute in unison. 122

123 SYD, LATIMER, BAADEN, and the other DEA AGENTS step up to the caskets, pay their respects. 123

124 Later. The ceremony is over. The crowd is clearing. Captain Howard, Mike, and Marcus stand near the caskets. Somber. Pissed off. 124

CAPTAIN HOWARD
Tierhook's lawyer says he's willing to cooperate in return for a deal.

MIKE
I'll give him a deal. He gives us the shooter, and we give him a lifetime supply of K-Y Jelly for his long stay in prison.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
DEA says the shooter's back in Cape Town by now. They believe he runs a drug ring that's smuggling heroin through South Africa to here. DEA wants him. We want him, and our only chance of getting him is to send Tierhook back. They put him before a judge. Tierhook ostensibly gets out on bail, then sets up a meeting, wears a wire, we nail the bastard. Everyone's happy.

MIKE
Tierhook's an ex-Apartheid cop. We're supposed to trust him?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
We got no choice. The U.S. Attorney says we have to work with the DEA on this one.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOWARD (CONT'D)
They're forming a Joint Task Force. Officially, you all work together on the sting. Unofficially, you do whatever you gotta do to make sure you nail this bastard.

Mike and Marcus exchange looks.

MARCUS
When's this happening?

CAPTAIN HOWARD
The U.S. Marshals are extraditing the prisoner tomorrow.

MIKE
We need to be on that plane.

CAPTAIN HOWARD
You're already on it.

125 INT. BURNETT HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 125

Marcus throws clothes into a suitcase. Theresa watches him.

THERESA
What about all those summer projects you promised you were gonna do?

MARCUS
I did the pool.

THERESA
Your were gonna clean out the garage.

MARCUS
I'll get to it.

THERESA
South Africa's not a safe place.

MARCUS
That's what this is about? You worried about me?

THERESA
That, and the pool's got a leak.

He moves to her. Puts his arms around her.

MARCUS
Don't worry, I'll be back. I promise.

Theresa sighs. This is the part about being a policeman's wife she hates. Never knowing if your man's coming home.

THERESA
If you don't, I'm calling the pool man.

MARCUS
Nuh-uh. Nobody's gonna be calling any pool man while I'm gone.

126 EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 126

A South African Airline plane sits on the tarmac.

127 INT. PASSENGER BRIDGE - DAY 127

Carrying their bags, Mike, Marcus, and Syd head to the plane.

MIKE
How long you been working this case?

SYD
I really wish you guys'd stay home.

MARCUS
U.S. Attorney says we're supposed to work together.

SYD
We just did. Remember? When you guys blew the sting?

128 INT. SOUTH AFRICAN AIRLINES PLANE - DAY 128

They arrive at the plane. Syd shows her boarding pass to the FLIGHT ATTENDANT and is directed to first class.

MARCUS
You're just worried me and Mike'll catch this guy before you do.

SYD
You have a better chance of getting stampeded by rhinos than catching anybody before me.

Marcus shows the flight attendant his boarding pass and tries to follow Syd, but the flight attendant stops him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm sorry, Detective Burnett. This is First Class. Coach is over there.

MARCUS
Damn department. Too cheap to put us in First Class --

Mike shows the attendant his ticket and heads to first class.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
-- Whoa-whoa-whoa. You upgraded your ticket?

MIKE
Figured one of us should sit near the prisoner.

MARCUS
You figured you'd get with Syd.

MIKE
Marcus, please. This is work.

129 LATER. In flight. Somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean. In first class, two armed U.S. MARSHALS sit with ROLF who's handcuffed and under close watch. 129

SYD and her DEA colleagues sit several rows back. Mike exits the lavatory, moves down the aisle. Stops at Rolf's row.

MIKE
Everyone having a nice flight?

The Marshals look to Mike, not amused.

ROLF
I could use another pillow. And refill my coffee.

MIKE
You tell me where your buddy is, I'll be happy to.

MARSHAL #1
No talking to the prisoner.

MIKE
The guy who killed my friends, he an ex-cop like you?

MARSHAL #2
We're asking you nicely to return to your seat.

ROLF
They don't listen. I spent many years working closely with his kind.

MIKE
"My kind." Yeah, I bet you beat a lot of innocent people during Apartheid.

ROLF
Now, you're getting me all misty-eyed with nostalgia.

Mike and Rolf stare daggers at each other.

MARSHAL #1
Let's not start a situation, alright?

Mike holds up his hands.

MIKE
I'm going. I'm going.

Mike moves to Syd's row. Sits across the aisle from her.

SYD
Probably not a good idea to harass the informant before the sting.

MIKE
Sorry, bad habit.

SYD
I notice you got a lot of bad habits.

Mike laughs, knows what she's referring to.

MIKE
All that stuff Quincy told you about me before, it's not true. You don't know how a boy's mind works.

SYD
I think I know exactly how a boy's mind works.

She looks Mike up and down. Then, grabs a magazine.

MIKE
What I mean is, he exaggerates.

SYD
Mmm-hmm.

MIKE
And I don't know what you were talking about before...my pick-up lines. I do not have pick-up lines.

Just then, the beautiful FLIGHT ATTENDANT recognizes Mike.

BEAUTIFUL FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Mike Lowrey?

MIKE
(doesn't look up)
I'm fine, thanks.

BEAUTIFUL FLIGHT ATTENDANT
You don't recognize me?

Now, Mike looks up. The woman is gorgeous.

MIKE
Oh, of course...

Mike checks her name tag, but she covers it.

BEAUTIFUL FLIGHT ATTENDANT
The Bahamas? Champagne on the beach?

Mike's can't get the dendrites to connect but goes with it.

MIKE
Yeah, I remember...
(guesses)
...We laid on the beach 'til the sunset. Then we rode mopeds back to the hotel?

He looks to her face for recognition. Nothing.

BEAUTIFUL FLIGHT ATTENDANT
It was Boca Raton. We never made it out of the hotel. And the name's <u>Shyanne</u>. You should remember that. You said it was the prettiest name you ever heard.

With that, the flight attendant walks away. Syd smiles, smug. Mike winces.

130 COACH. A kid kicks the back of Marcus' seat. He tries to ignore it. Can't. Peeks over the seat. Forces a smile... 130

MARCUS
You play soccer? Got a <u>strong</u> kick.

The kid ignores him, continues to pound the back of the seat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Where's your mom?

The kid points up the aisle to a flight attendant.

Marcus presses the CALL BUTTON, but the flight attendant ignores him, chats with another FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

Marcus sighs. Stands. Reaches up to the overhead. Searches for a pillow...

ACROSS THE AISLE and a few rows back, a MALE PASSENGER spots Marcus' GUN peeking out from the bottom of his jacket in a shoulder holster.

Another PASSENGER sees it too. Nudges his 300-pound FRIEND.

ON MARCUS as he finally finds a pillow. He shuts the compartment and turns just as...

The THREE PASSENGERS blind-side him. Marcus screams...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What the fu--!

THUNK! He's tackled and pinned to the ground.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANTS race down the aisle toward the melee. The 300-pound guy sits on Marcus who groans.

300-POUND GUY
I got him!

The passengers all cheer as the flight attendants hurry to Marcus who can...not...breathe.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
No-no. It's all right. He's a police officer.

The passengers all look to her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Really. He checked his gun.

The fat guy pulls Marcus' jacket aside. Sees the EMPTY holster. The other passengers all breathe a sigh of relief. The fat guy rolls off Marcus who GASPS for breath.

MARCUS
Damn! Did the pilots see the size of your ass before we took off?

131 EXT. CAPE TOWN, VARIOUS - DAY 131

Miles of beaches and breathtaking bays outline this modern African city richly mixed with Indian and European influences.

QUICK SHOTS:

132 The cobblestoned GREENMARKET SQUARE fleamarket crowded with VENDORS, and PEOPLE of every color. 132

133 The Bo-Kaap and its 18th-century pastel-colored dwellings. 133

134 The beaches of CAMPS BAY. Bikini tops optional. 134

135 TABLE MOUNTAIN shrouded in its tablecloth of fog. 135

136 The New Orleans-style Long Street. 136

137 The rocky cliffs of the TWELVE APOSTLES. 137

138 A colony of JACKASS PENGUINS on Boulders Beach. 138

139 The HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Victorian. Grand. Impressive. 139

140 INT. PARLIAMENT, ASSEMBLY - DAY 140

The Minister of Security THABO GOODMAN (black African, 50ish) addresses an assembly of SOUTH AFRICAN DIGNITARIES.

MINISTER GOODMAN
...Last year, 57 police officers were murdered while on duty, and 94 murdered off duty. It is my belief that these officers are being targeted by criminals because they refused to acquiesce to their threats and intimidation...

The assembly listens, rapt. Goodman is caring, compelling.

MINISTER GOODMAN (CONT'D)
...My Department of Safety and Security has asked the United States for help, and we are currently working with their DEA, but it is not enough. The National Defense Force needs to tighten our borders to stem the flow of illegal weapons and narcotics into our country. I ask you, Honorable Members, to share my dream of ridding our great country of organized crime so that you and I can live without fear.

141 EXT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT - DAY 141

ARMED GUARDS escort Minister Goodman to a waiting armored limo. His AIDE (white, 30ish) opens the limo door for him.

AIDE
Minister Goodman, Makebe called.
Needs to speak with you urgently.

MINISTER GOODMAN
Where's he been? He was supposed to
be here.

142 INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING - DAY 142

Tinted bullet-proof windows. Minister Goodman dials a number on his cell phone. Waits and waits for someone to answer...

143 CLOSE ON A RINGING CELL PHONE. Lying on a bench seat. 143
WIDEN TO reveal we are on...

144 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, FLYING - DAY 144

This is skydiving plane. The bay door is open.

Next to the ringing cell phone sits a government official, SECRETARY MAKEBE. He is not answering his phone because, as we will soon find out, he cannot. Across from him sits DEVON.

DEVON
That's probably your boss. Here.

Devon picks up the phone. Holds it out for Makebe.

DEVON (CONT'D)
All you got to do is push a button.

Makebe is completely motionless. Eyes wide open.

DEVON (CONT'D)
That's the Tuberine and Scoline.
Muscle relaxants that keep your mind
functioning perfectly while completely
paralyzing you. Any more, and you
would stop breathing.

Makebe's eyes say one thing. Fear.

DEVON (CONT'D)
But I don't want that. I need you
to send Minister Goodman a message.
You can do that for me, can't you?

Devon reaches over and nods Makebe's head "yes" for him.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Good. I knew you would.

Devon grabs Makebe, pulls him up, drags him to the open door. Outside below, the Savanna Bushveld flies by in all its majestic beauty.

DEVON (CONT'D)
This is where you get out.

With that, Devon shoves Makebe out the door. If Makebe could scream as he plummets to his death, he would.

145 INT. SOUTH AFRICAN AIRLINES PLANE - DAY 145

The plane has landed, and the passengers have all disembarked, except Marcus who's sleeping. Mike rouses him. He grumbles.

MIKE
Come on. We're here.

Marcus peeks open an eye. Sees Mike looking well-rested.

MARCUS
You sleep?

MIKE
I always sleep like a baby on planes. Don't know why.

MARCUS
I know why. 'Cause they don't allow annoying kids or people who sit on other people in First Class.

146 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 146

Mike and Marcus emerge from the plane and head down the steps. The airport and surrounding landscape is very urban.

MARCUS
This is Africa?

MIKE
Cape Town.

MARCUS
Where are the lions and shit?

On the tarmac, a handcuffed Rolf stands with an army of SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE SERVICE (SAPS). This group is serious. Flack jackets. Automatic rifles. Everyone's tense, alert.

A PRISON TRANSPORT VAN. Canary yellow police cars and military vehicles. The U.S. MARSHALS exchange paperwork with the SAPS Chief of Police NICO BOSMAN.

Somewhere...a loud BOOM! Like a gunshot.

Everyone flinches, ducks, or drops depending on their level of intelligence. Syd whips out her gun.

Everyone turns. Realizes it's just a BAGGAGE CAR backfiring.

Mike and Marcus look at everyone, confused.

MIKE
Y'all drink a lot of coffee before comin' over here or what?

The Marshals finish, and two ARMED GUARDS lead Rolf to the prison transport van.

Nico approaches Mike and Marcus, carrying two guns.

SYD
Detectives Lowrey, Burnett. This is Nico Bosman, Chief of the South African Police Service.

Nico studies one of the guns, impressed.

NICO
Nice pistol. Never seen one like it.

MIKE
That's because it's a custom Colt.

Nico feels the weight, checks the sight.

NICO
This standard-issue in Miami?

MARCUS
Hell no. Our department can't afford shit like that.

NICO
Neither can mine.

Nico hands them their guns. Mike watches as Rolf climbs into the back of the prison transport van.

MIKE
Where you guys taking him?

ON THE AIRFIELD in the near distance, VAN HOUTEN and another HENCHMAN sit in a service truck. Also watching Rolf...

ON ARMED GUARDS as they shut the van's back door...

ON VAN HOUTEN as he presses a remote detonator...

KA-BOOM! The van EXPLODES! The back doors blow off, instantly killing the two guards. The vehicle is blown right off its chassis, shooting up into the air LIKE A FIERY ROCKET.

The concussion knocks everyone on their ass or sends them diving for cover.

The fireball of rubber, glass, Rolf, and metal comes crashing back down on to the tarmac. Everyone's running, diving for cover except for Mike who's searching the airfield. Spots...

VAN HOUTEN driving away in the airplane service truck.

MARCUS sees him too. They BOLT after the truck, Syd right behind them. All three, sprinting as fast as they can. Which is too slow. They're losing ground.

Just ahead, an SAA CATERING VAN. Mike and Marcus race each other to the driver's side.

MARCUS
I'm driving!

MIKE
I'm driving!

147 INT. CATERING VAN - DAY 147

They both get to the van at the same time, but Marcus muscles Mike aside and hops in, victorious.

MARCUS
Ha!

Only there's no steering wheel. It's on the other side where Syd jumps in and peels out just as Mike dives in.

148 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, VARIOUS - DAY 148

The VAN blasts across the tarmac.

149 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 149

Syd drives, focused, intense.

MARCUS
Think they figured out he was gonna rat?

MIKE
Either that or they were still mad at him for setting up a drug deal with an undercover DEA agent.

150 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, VARIOUS - DAY 150

The catering van cuts UNDER a parked 747. Just ahead, a multi-cart BAGGAGE TRAIN.

151 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 151

Mike and Marcus see the long baggage train ahead.

MIKE
Watch out for the --

SYD
-- I see it.

She heads straight for it. Accelerates.

MARCUS
I don't think you see it!

152 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, VARIOUS - DAY 152

SMASH! The catering van CRASHES into a baggage cart.

Easily blows through it, catapulting suitcases in every direction. CLOTHES and shit fly everywhere.

153 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 153

Syd reaches out and yanks some clothing from the windshield.

SYD
Told you I saw it.

MARCUS
(to Mike)
Just as well kiss your ass good-bye. She failed her driver's test 3 times.

SYD
Only 'cause you were back-seat driving like you are now. So shut up.

154 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, VARIOUS - DAY 154

Lights flashing, a PARADE of SAPS and AIRPORT SECURITY vehicles are now following behind...

The VAN. It gains on the SERVICE TRUCK which narrowly beats a TRUCK TOWING A 727 to the gates.

The CATERING VAN cuts under the moving plane.

Slaloms the plane's giant rolling wheels...

155 INT. SERVICE TRUCK, MOVING - DAY 155

Van Houten sees the van still on his ass. Whips the wheel...

156 EXT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, VARIOUS - DAY 156

The SERVICE TRUCK darts on an insane diagonal, cuts ACROSS...

157 A RUNWAY where a DC-10 is accelerating for take-off. 157

The CATERING VAN follows suit. Cuts across the runway.

The PLANE comes right at them...

158 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 158

Marcus SCREAMS as the plane...

159 LIFTS OFF right OVER THEIR HEADS! 159

160 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 160

Marcus, incredulous. Did that just happen? He reaches into the back, grabs several bottles of airplane-sized Scotch, stuffs them into his pockets.

MARCUS
In case I live.

An after-thought. Adds a package of peanuts.

Mike watches Syd work the wheel like a pro. He wants her more than ever. Marcus realizes Mike's staring at Syd and pops Mike hard on the back of the head.

MIKE
Ow! What?!

MARCUS
Stay focused on your shit!

Marcus grabs onto the door frame. Leans out with his gun.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Pull alongside. We'll shoot out the tires.

161 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 161

The catering van pulls alongside the service truck.

MIKE and MARCUS shoot...

But so does VAN HOUTEN...

A HAILSTORM of heavy ordnance rakes both vehicles.

BLOWS out BOTH vehicles' inside tires...POP-POP-POP-POP!

Both vehicles SLEW VIOLENTLY inward toward each other...

162 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 162

Syd fights the wheel, rights the van.

SYD
Got any more ideas?

MIKE
Pull alongside!

SYD
We just did that!

MIKE
Yeah, but this time, it's gonna work!

163 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 163

Metal wheel rims SPEW SPARKS as the catering truck accelerates alongside the service truck...

164 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - DAY 164

Syd is flooring it. Mike grabs the wheel. Yanks it hard.

165 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 165

The catering van expertly clips the back-end of the service truck, sending the truck into a wild spin...

Unfortunately, it STALLS in the path of the catering van.

166 INT. CATERING VAN, MOVING - NIGHT 166

Syd hits the brakes. Too late, they SLAM into the truck.

167 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 167

The vehicles collide...WHAM!

Glass splinters. Metal crumples. Everything stops.

168 INT. CATERING VAN - DAY 168

It takes a moment to realize...they're all still alive. Marcus' forehead is bleeding.

MARCUS
A little heads-up next time would be nice. Might've grabbed onto something.

169 EXT. CATERING VAN - DAY 169

Marcus drags himself out of the wreckage. Falls to the ground.

MARCUS
Even crash test dummies got brains enough to not ride with you two.

170 INT. CATERING VAN - DAY 170

Mike is tangled up with Syd. Not a bad place to be.

MIKE
You all right?

But Syd's not really listening. She sees...

VAN HOUTEN limping toward a runway where a MAMMOTH 777 is descending, landing gear down.

171 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 171

Syd stumbles out of the catering van and takes off sprinting after Van Houten.

The 777 SCREAMS overhead...

VAN HOUTEN makes it across the runway...

Syd's almost on him. But the plane's almost on her too.

Suddenly, SYD's tackled from the side by Mike. He shoulders her into the in-field just as...

THE 777 PLANE TOUCHES DOWN. Tires as big as a house SKID, BURN RUBBER on the tarmac just a few feet from Mike and Syd.

172 EXT. IN-FIELD - DAY 172

Syd and Mike cover their heads. A deafening ROAR. Finally, it's over. She scrambles up. Looks around...

But Van Houten's...GONE.

SYD
Shit! I coulda had him!

In an instant, PEOPLE are RUNNING toward them from everywhere. Syd looks back to Mike. Realizes what he's done. Feels bad. She goes to help him up.

SYD (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Mike looks at her. Smiles.

MIKE
My pleasure.

SYD
(rolls her eyes)
Don't start with the lines.

MIKE
(defensive)
That wasn't a line.

She ignores him. Starts walking away, disgusted.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It was really my pleasure.

She keeps walking. He calls after her.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I mean, you know. It's what I do!
(to himself)
Saving people. Shooting bad guys.
Some girls'd be impressed by that.

173 EXT. SERVICE TRUCK - DAY 173

Guns at the ready, Marcus and a swarm of SAPS COPS (including Nico) move to the wrecked service truck. Marcus reaches in. Checks the henchman slumped over the wheel. He's dead.

MARCUS
All right. I see some shell casings
on the cab floor here...

He pulls a pen out of his pocket. Slips it into the henchman's handgun's trigger guard. Holds the gun up with the pen, so as not to mess with the evidence.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Let's seal this area off...

But Nico just grabs the gun. Turns to a colleague.

NICO
Hey, Mabuse. Now, you have a pistol.

He tosses the gun to an unarmed SAP OFFICER who happily checks it, then holsters it. Marcus watches, incredulous.

MARCUS
You can't just take that.

NICO
Mabuse has been working for two weeks without a gun.

MARCUS
But that's evidence. You gotta trace the serial number.

NICO
He will. And in the meantime, no reason not to put it to good use.

Nico and his men search the truck. *

Syd steps up. Pushes the henchman's head back to get a look at his shattered face. Marcus grimaces.

MARCUS
Careful. His eyes don't look like they're in too good.

Mike approaches. Sees Nico find a couple boxes of ammo in * the truck's glove compartment. Nico pockets them. Leaves. *

MIKE *
Hey, what -- *

MARCUS *
-- Don't ask. *

SYD *
The South African Police is severely * under-funded. They have to use what- * ever they can get their hands on. *

Syd talks while she searches the henchman's clothing. *

SYD (CONT'D) *
It'll take years for the new * government to get on its feet. That's * what makes it so easy for organized * crime. *
(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)
Criminals take advantage of the chaos that comes with staffing a whole new police force and trying to enforce new legislation... *

She finds a matchbook with "THE WILD" printed on it. She slips it into her pocket without anyone noticing.

SYD (CONT'D)
...It happened after the collapse of the Soviet Union and now it's happening here.

Mike listens to Syd going on, rapt.

MIKE
Damn, Marcus. Your sister got all the looks and all the brains. How come you didn't get anything?

MARCUS
I got stupid friends that fall for her shit all the time.

Suddenly, a man's voice interrupts...

MAN'S VOICE
Burnett!

They all turn to find an imposing figure approaching.

IMPOSING MAN
Why can't you ever apprehend any LIVE witnesses?!

MARCUS
Do I know you?

IMPOSING MAN
Who the hell are you?!

MARCUS
Who the hell are you?!

SYD
This is my boss, South African DEA Station Chief, Dan Rodgers.

MARCUS
(realizes)
Oh, when you said Burnett, you were just yelling at my sister.

CHIEF RODGERS looks at Marcus, realizes...

CHIEF RODGERS
You're the Miami cops.

MARCUS
You probably heard all about us.

CHIEF RODGERS
I was really looking forward to working with you, but now that we lost the informant, I have to ask you to go home. No offense.

MIKE
None taken. We plan on staying.

CHIEF RODGERS
Maybe I didn't make myself clear. I'm ordering you to go home.

MIKE
Funny, 'cause the way I understand it, the DEA doesn't actually have any jurisdiction here. You're just guests in this country. Like us.

MARCUS
So we're gonna do what we came over here to do, and we're not leaving until we get our man.

MIKE
You got a problem with that, call our captain. Because that's who we take our orders from.

174 INT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 174

International Terminal. Baggage carousel. As Marcus waits for his stuff, a colorfully dressed ZULU MAN approaches.

ZULU MAN
Aita, broer. You need a jammie?

MARCUS
What'd you say?

ZULU MAN
Sorry?

MARCUS
Huh?

ZULU MAN
You want a taxi?

MARCUS
Oh! Yeah. Me and my partner over there.
(calls to Mike)
Hey, I got us a ride!

The Zulu man hurries to Mike who's standing on the other side of the carousel. Mike calls back to Marcus...

MIKE
I got one too!

The Zulu man reaches for his bag just as another TAXI DRIVER (a white surfer type) reaches for it too.

The two TAXI DRIVERS both grab the bag and immediately start arguing. The argument quickly escalates, and before we know it, the white surfer pulls a GUN on the Zulu.

But the Zulu is unflinching. Whips out his gun too.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Whoa-whoa-whoa. Let's not be crazy.

The surfer points his gun at Mike.

SURFER
You come with me, brah.

MIKE
You do <u>not</u> want to point that thing at me.

The Zulu points his gun at Mike too.

ZULU MAN
He's coming with me.

Marcus and Mike exchange weary looks, like "we don't need this shit." Then, pull out THEIR GUNS. Point them at the taxi drivers. Now, everybody's got guns on each other.

MARCUS
Y'all can just forget about a tip.

MIKE
Now, everyone puts their guns away at the same time. OK? Ready? On three. One...two...three.

Nobody moves. Marcus looks to Mike.

MARCUS
Maybe they didn't understand you.

MIKE
(slowly)
OK. I count to three, and on three --

On cue, the following happens:

MARCUS kicks the gun out of the ZULU's hand, then SMASHES him in the face with his elbow...WHAM!

MIKE snatches the gun out of the surfer's hand and turns BOTH guns on him before the surfer knows what happened. He takes off running.

The ZULU drops to his knees, groggy. Mike and Marcus turn their guns on him. It's over in an instant.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Looks like you win.

175 EXT. DEVON'S HOME, MALA MALA GAME RESERVE - DUSK 175

Lush Georgian-style home in the heart of the South African game land. The sprawling property is surrounded by high stone walls, security gates, and patrolling ARMED GUARDS.

176 INT. DEVON'S HOME, KITCHEN - DUSK 176

A CHEF and SERVANTS flutter about, preparing exotic hors d'oeuvres and drinks. The chef hands a SERVANT a tray filled with paté. The servant doesn't immediately move.

CHEF
Go on. Get out there.

We FOLLOW the servant as he reluctantly exits the kitchen...

177 EXT. DEVON'S HOME, VERANDAH - DUSK 177

...and emerges on the verandah. Instantly, a CLUSTER OF RED LASER SIGHTS are on him.

Now, we see that DEVON is here entertaining a group of UNITA GUERRILLAS who inspect crates of heavy artillery. Your run-of-the mill high-brow cocktail party.

Several guerrillas scope the room high-powered rifles with laser sights. The nervous servant approaches.

SERVANT
Paté?

GUERRILLA
Oh, yes. Thank you.

The guerrilla takes one. Pops it in his mouth.

GUERRILLA (CONT'D)
Do you have a napkin?

The servant doesn't. He starts to sweat.

SERVANT
Um...

GUERRILLA
Nevermind.

Nearby, Devon stands at the window with a UNITA LEADER who inspects a GRENADE LAUNCHER.

UNITA LEADER
There's talk that the borders are going to be reinforced.

DEVON
Minister Goodman's under the false impression that he's actually running this country.

UNITA LEADER
I admire your aplomb in the face of being put out of your "import-export" business.

DEVON
The minister just needs a gentle push in the right direction. Everything will be fine.

The UNITA leader sets down the grenade launcher.

UNITA LEADER
Russian made. Excellent products as always. We'll take them all.

178 EXT. VICTORIA & ALFRED WATERFRONT - DUSK 178

The magnificent Table Mountain sits as a backdrop for this colorful harbor. Lights play off the calm waters.

179 EXT. TABLE BAY HOTEL - DUSK 179

Lush. Stylish. Uniformed VALET park expensive cars.

180 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT 180

Marcus' room. It's a mess. Marcus waits on the phone. On the T.V., the news broadcasts a photo of SECRETARY MAKEBE.

REPORTER (ON T.V.)
...Secretary Makebe's body was recovered early this morning near Blyde River. Initial reports indicate he was murdered, although no other details were given...

The news cuts to MINISTER GOODMAN, flanked by SECURITY GUARDS.

MINISTER GOODMAN
...My heart goes out to Secretary Makebe's family. He was a hero dedicated to bringing freedom and security to our country. I will not stop until acts of intimidation and terror like this are eliminated and the people behind them brought to justice...

The news repeats the story in Zulu.

MARCUS
(into the phone)
Still busy? Damn. Try again. Mike Lowrey. The Penthouse.

As he waits on the phone, Marcus moves to the...

181 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, BATHROOM - NIGHT 181

Marcus searches for the light switch. Can't find it. He grabs his electric toothbrush. But there's no socket either.

MARCUS
(into the phone)
It's busy? All right, listen. I got no electricity and nothing to plug my shit into in my bathroom...Oh.

He looks outside the bathroom door. There's the light switch. He flips it on. The light goes on in the bathroom.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
That doesn't make any sense at all.

He grabs his toothpaste...it’s his kid's bubblegum-flavored toothpaste.

182 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, SUITE FOYER - NIGHT 182

Marcus enters with a room service cart. Immediately overhears Mike sweet-talking someone on the phone.

MIKE (O.S.)
Come on, baby. I know you got it, just give it up...

Marcus' face darkens. He follows Mike's voice.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No one will find out.

183 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT 183

Everything’s laid out nicely. Mike’s got an AC adapter. A travel iron. His suits pressed and hanging in the closet.

MIKE
(into the phone)
Just you and me. The only two people who're ever gonna know about this...

Marcus barges in, tries to grab the phone, but Mike pushes him back. Covers the phone. Whispers to Marcus...

MIKE (CONT'D)
How'd you get in here?

MARCUS
I ordered us some room service.

MIKE
(into the phone)
Nothing, baby. Now, come on. You're making me beg...

MARCUS
That's it. Hold out.

Mike makes a "shut the fuck up" gesture to Marcus.

MIKE
(into the phone)
Oh, you're the best.
(writes something down)
I owe you one.

Mike hangs up, turns to Marcus.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What’s the matter with you?!

MARCUS
Talking to Syd. Behind my back.

MIKE
I've been working, Sherlock Homeboy. Getting us a new lead while you've been sleepin' off your jet-lag.

Mike holds up a phone number. Marcus feels stupid.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Rolf Tierhook was assigned a public defender when he was in jail. The lawyer made one international phone call right after their meeting.

MARCUS
Lemme guess. South Africa.

Mike nods.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
'Course you'd need a search warrant to get that phone number.

MIKE
Good thing I got a friend at the phone company.

MARCUS
Rhonda?

MIKE
Vanessa. Who's Rhonda?

MARCUS
The red-head. From the phone company. Did the tongue thing?

MIKE
She did a "tongue thing"?

MARCUS
Now, that's a problem. You can't remember shit like that.

MIKE
What kind of tongue thing?

MARCUS
I don't know. She never did it to me.

Mike notices Marcus is a rumpled mess and smells funny.

MIKE
You wearing perfume?

MARCUS
It's Theresa’s deodorant. And don’t start in about it. I don’t like traveling. I packed in a hurry. I don’t want to talk about it.

184 EXT. LOOP STREET, CAPE TOWN - NIGHT 184

A glittering street of modern neon nightclubs mixed with Victorian architecture. Connected three-story buildings with long balconies and 18th century wrought iron railings.

185 EXT. THE WILD CLUB - NIGHT 185

Mike and Marcus stop in front of a strip club with a very safari or "bush"-theme.

MIKE
You believe this shit? A strip club.

MARCUS
You sure this is the place?

MIKE
I called the number. This is the address. We go half-way around the world, and criminals still hanging out at strip clubs.

MARCUS
What's your problem? You love strip clubs.

MIKE
I'm over that. It's getting old. Everything is, the sports car, the nice suits, the Palm Pilot with more girls' names than I can remember. Maybe I need to grow up and get with one girl.

MARCUS
I know you, and this is not you talking. This is your dick talking. You just think you want one girl 'cause you can't get one girl. But you can just forget about Syd. What you need to do is get back up on it. You’re lucky. You’re single.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You can look at all the pussy you want. Enjoy it. I'm risking my life going in there. Theresa'd kill me if she knew I was here, but I'm willing to go in there for you. So, let's go in there and look at some pussy.

186 INT. THE WILD CLUB - NIGHT 186

Mike and Marcus enter. Beautiful HALF-NAKED women everywhere. Mike smiles.

MIKE
This is good. You were right. I'm starting to feel better.

MARCUS
See? You listen to your boy.

Marcus leers at a scantily clad WAITRESS passing by. Just then, Marcus' cell phone rings. He looks at it, panicked.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Damn. It's Theresa.

MIKE
Your caller ID working all the way over here?

MARCUS
It don't have to work. I know it's Theresa. The woman's got radar on my dick.

The phone continues to ring.

MIKE
Don't answer it.

Marcus nods. Good plan. Then...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Although it could be Syd. Checking up on us. I'll answer it.

Mike grabs Marcus' phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yo...This is Mike...Oh hi, Theresa.

Marcus makes a face. Waves his hands, like "I'm not here."

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's right here.

He hands Marcus the phone. He shoots Mike a look, then...

MARCUS
(into the phone)
Hi, baby. I was just thinking about you.

Marcus follows Mike as he finds a table near the stage. A banner above the stage reads, "AMATEUR NIGHT."

Marcus keeps talking on the phone as Mike watches a Cape Malay STRIPPER dance on the stage.

MIKE
Will you look at that butt?

Marcus makes a face at Mike.

MARCUS
(into the phone)
No, no. That was just Mike talking about a cigarette butt.

Mike's enjoying this. He waves over a BARELY DRESSED WAITRESS. Marcus tries to wave her off.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What's that? We're at a crime scene collecting evidence. We got bodies everywhere.

The waitress approaches.

WAITRESS
Couple wetties for you?

MARCUS
(into the phone)
That's just a detective...For real. No, baby. She's really busy. I can't just...OK.

Marcus covers the phone. Looks to the waitress.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I need you to talk to my wife.

WAITRESS
Hey?

Marcus digs into his wallet. Pulls out some money.

MARCUS
I'll give you twenty bucks. Just tell her you're a detective and that we're on a case.

Mike waves a large bill at the stripper on stage.

MIKE
The case of the missing dick.

Marcus holds the money up, but the waitress is unimpressed.

MARCUS
Come on. Twenty dollars. That's like two-hundred of whatever kind of dollars you got here.

WAITRESS
Flip off.

Marcus empties his wallet.

MARCUS
There. Fifty dollars. S'all I got.

WAITRESS
One hundred.

MARCUS
Mike, gimme some money.

MIKE
What for?

Marcus grabs the money out of Mike's hands just before he can stuff it in a stripper's thong.

MARCUS
Don't fuck with me right now.

Marcus hands the money and the phone to the waitress.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Her name's Theresa.

The waitress takes the phone.

WAITRESS
Hello? Hello...?

She hands the phone back to Marcus. Shrugs.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
She hung up.

Marcus panics. Redials.

ON THE STAGE, the stripper finishes, and the crowd cheers. The M.C. steps out on the stage, carrying cards.

M.C.
That was Vida.

ON MARCUS. He keeps trying his phone. Nothing.

MARCUS
I can't get any reception. I gotta go outside.

He stands, but Mike grabs him.

MIKE
Will you stop? This is legit. We're working.

Marcus considers that. Sits back down.

MARCUS
You're right. OK. Let's go talk to the manager.

MIKE
We can't just walk into a strip club and start asking people questions. If you don't take in the sights, tip a few dancers, you get yourself made. Now, sit back and enjoy the show.

ON THE STAGE, the M.C. reads from a card...

M.C.
Let's welcome our next amateur. A university student from Rondebosche, Alexis.

The crowd makes noise as the sparkled curtains part to reveal another AMATEUR STRIPPER, her back to us. Her body is toned. Her skin, perfect. The MUSIC CUES, and she starts gyrating.

MIKE
Marcus, you have <u>got</u> to see this.

Marcus doesn't want to look but can't help it. He peeks at the stage.

THE STRIPPER wears a super tight leopard-print ultra-mini-skirt. Nothing but a thong underneath. Right now, her butt is the absolute Center of the Universe.

MARCUS
Oh. My. God.

The stripper finally turns...IT'S SYD.

Marcus SCREAMS. But nobody notices over the din of hooting and cheering.

Everyone immediately pulls out money. Waves it at her. Marcus grabs the wrist of a PATRON holding up a tip.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Put that away!

The patron pulls his cash hand away from Marcus. Waves it at Syd again.

PATRON
Take off your broekies, Cherrie!

MARCUS
Keep your broekies where they at!

Marcus turns to find Mike staring at Syd. He pops Mike on the back of his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Get your eyes back in your head!

ON THE STAGE, Syd spots Mike and Marcus, rolls her eyes, and dances over to them.

SYD
(between her teeth)
What are you two doing here?

MARCUS
What're you doing here?!

SYD
I'm working.

MARCUS
You got a lead and didn't tell us?
We're supposed to be working together.

SYD
Really? Looks like you got a lead
and didn't tell me. Now, go away,
or I'm gonna tell Theresa you're
here.

Just then, MIKE spots...VAN HOUTEN crossing the bar.

MIKE
OK, Marcus. Let's go.

MARCUS
Not 'til she puts something on.

We now notice DEA AGENTS LATIMER and BAADEN sipping drinks at a table nearby. They don't notice Van Houten go by behind them, because their eyes are glued to Syd.

MIKE
Come on. The DEA can handle this one.

Now, Mike motions with his eyes to...

VAN HOUTEN who disappears upstairs.

Marcus gets it. Syd returns to her routine. Marcus calls to her as they leave.

MARCUS
OK! Mike's gotta go get his lap dance now! We'll see you around!

187 INT. THE WILD CLUB, UPSTAIRS ENTRY - NIGHT 187

Mike and Marcus come to a LOCKED SECURITY DOOR guarded by a burly, armed BOUNCER.

BOUNCER
Sorry. Private jawls only.

MARCUS
That's what we want. Me and my partner here, we love "jawling."

The bouncer eyes them, knowingly.

BOUNCER
I think you two are in the wrong kind of club.

MIKE
No-no. We love girls. Really.

BOUNCER
You can't come up here without a club employee.

188 INT. THE WILD CLUB - NIGHT 188

Syd finishes her routine, which was less of a strip and more

of a tease. From the crowd, there's a lot of men cheering for her to "really take it off."

She hops down from the stage, and the DEA AGENTS offer to buy her a drink. She accepts, smiling flirtatiously...

189 INT. THE WILD CLUB, UPSTAIRS ENTRY - NIGHT 189

Mike and Marcus are still trying to get past the private security entrance.

MARCUS
(to Mike)
Just give the man some money.

MIKE
Why am I always giving the man some money? Why don't you give the man some money for once?

MARCUS
I gave all my money to that waitress, remember?

MIKE
That was my money.

MARCUS
Some of it was mine.

Now, DEA Agent Latimer and SYD come up the stairs. She sees Mike and Marcus. Rolls her eyes. Pushes past them.

BOUNCER
(to Agent Latimer)
Five-hundred rand. House fee. Tip the girl whatever you want.

Agent Latimer starts pulling money out of his wallet while Syd glares at her brother. Mike interrupts.

MIKE
I'll give you one-thousand for her.

Mike smiles at Syd who wants to kill him.

BOUNCER
You got a deal.

AGENT LATIMER
Wait, wait. I got 1,500.

He digs into his wallet.

MIKE
Two thousand.

AGENT LATIMER
Shit.

SYD
Here, I got a thousand. That makes 2,500.

She hands her tip money to Latimer and smiles smugly at Mike.

MIKE
Three thousand.

MARCUS
Four thousand. For the two of us.

MIKE
Will you stop spending my money?!

MARCUS
I know you don't wanna go in there without me. I'm your partner.

AGENT LATIMER
(to the bouncer)
You take credit cards?

190 INT. THE WILD CLUB, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 190

The security door BUZZES open, and they enter.

MIKE
This is stupid. We all want this guy. We should work together.

SYD
Good idea. Let's split up.

With that she leaves. Mike watches her go.

MIKE
I think I overpaid.

191 INT. THE WILD CLUB, PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT 191

HINDU BUSINESSMEN and STRIPPERS party. It may be Amateur Night downstairs, but the women here are pros. A mound of FINE WHITE POWDER is piled in the middle of a long, low table.

Mike and Marcus enter. Everyone stops. Looks at them.

STRIPPER
You must have the wrong room.

MIKE
We're lookin' for Rolf Tierhook.
Seen him around?

STRIPPER
Are you police?

MIKE
No. He's an old friend. Told us to
meet him here.

ANOTHER STRIPPER
He got arrested in the States. Don't
you read the newspapers?

The stripper eyes Mike.

STRIPPER
Rolf doesn't usually have friends...
(how to put it)
...that "look" like you.

MIKE
You mean, so damn handsome?

She smiles. He IS cute. She moves to him.

STRIPPER
That too...

192 INT. THE WILD CLUB, HALLWAY - NIGHT 192

Syd moves down the hallway. Suddenly, a MAN emerges from an office at the end of the hall. It's VAN HOUTEN. He smiles at Syd. Maybe recognizes her? Then...

VAN HOUTEN
Saw you dance. You gotta nice ass.

SYD
Thanks.

She whips out her gun. Trains it on him.

SYD (CONT'D)
DEA. You're under arrest.

Now, Van Houten really recognizes her. Oh shit. He ducks around the corner.

Syd chases after him.

193 INT. THE WILD CLUB, PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT 193

Marcus moves to the powder. Tastes it. Makes a face. It's not what he was expecting.

MARCUS
What is this shit?

STRIPPER
Rhino horn.

Marcus spits it out.

MARCUS
That's nasty.

HINDU MAN
It's an aphrodisiac.

MARCUS
That's pathetic. Men killing rhinos just to get their dicks hard. Whatsamatter with you people?

Just then, VAN HOUTEN bursts in. Mike and Marcus immediately recognize him, and Van Houten recognizes them. But before Mike and Marcus can turn their guns on him, Van Houten KICKS the near end of the long table...

SENDING THE PILE OF RHINO HORN POWDER flying right into Marcus' face.

VAN HOUTEN then DIVES out the window...

194 EXT. THE WILD CLUB, THIRD-STORY BALCONY - NIGHT 194

The window explodes as Van Houten CRASHES through it. He hits the balcony railing, then shoulder rolls to his feet. He looks down...a three-story drop. No place to go but up.

195 INT. THE WILD CLUB, PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT 195

Mike dives out the window, after Van Houten, but Marcus just stands there, stunned. FACE COVERED IN POWDER.

All the Hindu businessmen regard him in horror. Apparently, Marcus just OD'd on rhino horn. They all look down at Marcus' crotch, then scramble from the room.

196 EXT. THE WILD CLUB, FIRE ESCAPE/BALCONY - NIGHT 196

VAN HOUTEN hustles up a fire escape. Hears a noise. Wheels around and fires down at...

MIKE. Bullets chew up the plaster on the balcony below. Mike throws himself out of harm's way. Cartwheels over the railing...

And holds on for dear life. He looks up to find a 9mm staring him in the face. It's SYD. She sees it's just Mike.

SYD
Where'd he go?

MIKE
To the roof.

With that, Syd disappears.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey! How 'bout some help?!

Mike pulls himself up over the railing with Herculean effort. Falls back down on the balcony. No time to catch his breath. He spots...

VAN HOUTEN running along the roof above.

MIKE doesn't go up. Instead, he sprints parallel to Van Houten, on the balcony one story below him.

197 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 197

VAN HOUTEN bolts across the roof. Here the buildings are all connected, but not all the same size.

SYD scrambles over the ledge onto the roof. Gives chase.

VAN HOUTEN comes to a break between buildings. A one-story drop between.

Which is where MARCUS emerges from the building.

MARCUS
Freeze!

VAN HOUTEN runs and FLINGS himself over the gap...

MARCUS chases him with gunfire. Not the best shot 'cause...

VAN HOUTEN lands unscathed on the adjacent roof.

198 EXT. NEXT ROOF - NIGHT 198

VAN HOUTEN bolts across the roof to the next ledge. Another gap between structures. This one's too far. Van Houten looks back.

SYD is gaining.

No choice. VAN HOUTEN jumps down to the balcony below...

199 EXT. BUILDING BALCONY - NIGHT 199

And is greeted by MIKE's fist...WHAM! Van Houten staggers back, groggy. In an instant, Mike has his gun on him. He disarms Van Houten, kicks the gun away.

Van Houten groans. In agony. A ruse, because he reaches down for ANOTHER GUN concealed in an ankle holster.

But Mike grabs Van Houten's wrist before he gets there. Mike takes the gun and tosses it aside as well.

Van Houten then slams his forearms together, comes up with TWO guns spring—loaded in wrist holsters.

Exasperated, Mike stares down the barrels of the two guns in his face.

MIKE
Damn. You people have got to get some gun control around here!

SYD (O.S.)
You shoot him, I shoot you!

We look up and see that SYD is on the roof above and has Van Houten in her gun’s sight.

Down below, MARCUS catches up. Winded.

MARCUS
Don't nobody shoot nobody! We gotta question his ass.

Van Houten suddenly turns one of his guns on Syd and SHOOTS...

On instinct, MIKE kicks Van Houten in the chest. Which does two things:

One, it sends his SHOT astray, just missing Syd and taking out a chunk of plaster at her feet instead.

And two, it sends VAN HOUTEN staggering backwards into the ancient railing. He CRASHES through and FALLS OFF THE EDGE.

Mike scrambles after him, but it's too late.

VAN HOUTEN lands hard on the cobblestoned street below with a sickening THUD.

They all hurry to the ledge. Peer over. VAN HOUTEN'S BODY lies contorted, very dead.

They are all quick to say...

MIKE/MARCUS/SYD
That wasn't my fault!

200 EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT 200

Later. The street is cordoned off. The SAPS work the crime scene. Marcus coughs and desperately tries to dust the remaining rhino powder off his shirt.

MARCUS
Tell me there's an antidote for this rhino powder.

SYD
Sorry.

MARCUS
I just inhaled a lifetime supply of that shit, and my wife is on the other side of the planet!

MIKE
Don't look at me.

MARCUS
I...am...going...to...DIE!

SYD
Marcus, there's no antidote because it's just a myth.

Now, SAPS Chief Nico Bosman approaches. He sees Van Houten's body and stops. Mike notices.

MIKE
Friend of yours?

NICO
No.

MIKE
He didn't have any ID on him.

NICO
I didn't say I didn't know him. I just said he wasn't my friend. Willem Van Houten. He was CCB.

MIKE
What's that?

SYD
Civil Cooperation Bureau. An Apartheid Security Police operation which did everything from lacing the black townships' water with drugs to the assassination of political opponents. You didn't act the right way, you didn't do what they wanted, they took you up in a plane and pushed you out just for the fun of it.

NICO
These men were special forces, heavily armed, and the first thing the new regime got rid of.

MIKE
You sure this guy was one of them?

Nico opens his collar revealing several scars on his neck.

NICO
You don't forget the face of a man who tortures you into confessing crimes you didn't commit.

MIKE
Well, let's check these CCB guys out. Look at their old personnel files. Military records.

NICO
It was a covert operation. There are no records.

201 EXT. SIMON'S TOWN, NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING 201

Penguins putter on the beach of this seaside community.

202 INT. MINISTER GOODMAN'S HOUSE - MORNING 202

A phone RINGS on a hallway table. Wearing pajamas, a young BOY (10) runs in, answers it.

BOY
Hello...Hold on.

He sets down the phone, calls out...

BOY (CONT'D)
Dad! Phone!

MINISTER GOODMAN comes down the stairs, dressed for work.

MINISTER GOODMAN
Get dressed. You'll be late for school.

The boy hurries up the stairs, and Minister Goodman picks up the phone.

MINISTER GOODMAN (CONT'D)
Yes?

DEVON
Good morning, Minister Goodman.

MINISTER GOODMAN
Who is this?

203 INT. DEVON'S HOME, STUDY - MORNING 203

Big game trophy heads adorn the walls. Devon sits at his desk, talking on the phone. A servant refills his coffee.

DEVON
(into the phone)
Secretary Makebe's travel agent.

INTERCUT DEVON and MINISTER GOODMAN. Minister Goodman tenses.

MINISTER GOODMAN
How did you get this number?

DEVON
The secretary left his cell phone on the plane...

We now see that DEVON is calling using Makebe's cell phone.

DEVON (CONT'D)
...and it just so happened to have your home number.

Now, the Minister's WIFE comes down the hall. Kisses her husband on the cheek.

MINISTER'S WIFE
Honey, your breakfast is getting cold.

Minister Goodman covers the phone and forces a smile at her as she heads up the stairs.

DEVON
That your wife? Say "hello" for me.

MINISTER GOODMAN
(lowers his voice)
I don't know who the hell you think you are --

DEVON
-- Just a fellow civil servant. Like you, I dedicated my life to the public good. Then, one day, I'm labelled a racist and told my services are no longer needed. They said they wanted freedom, and now look at the mess they're in.

MINISTER GOODMAN
Only because of people like you.

DEVON
Did you know that when free-falling, gravity pulls the human body face-first? For a good two to three minutes, you watch the ground speeding up at you. And since you're paralyzed, you can't even close your eyes, let alone bring your hands up to cover your face. It's a horrible way to die...

Just then, the Minister's son bounds down the stairs, dressed for school.

DEVON (CONT'D)
...I'd hate for it to happen to anyone I love.

MINISTER GOODMAN
I'm not afraid of you.

DEVON
If you care about your family, you'll retire. No one would blame you.

MINISTER GOODMAN
I'm not going anywhere.

With that, Minister Goodman hangs up. He glances up the stairs and realizes his wife has heard the conversation.

MINISTER GOODMAN (CONT'D)
You had better pack. I'll drive there with you.

MINISTER'S WIFE
Stay with us.

MINISTER GOODMAN
I can't. If I hide, what will the people have left to believe in?

MINISTER'S WIFE
Why does it have to be you?

MINISTER GOODMAN
Because there's no one else.
(smiles at her)
And because I have the bravest wife.

204 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, ROOM - DAY 204

The rhino horn's got a hold on Marcus, and he's pacing the floor, on the phone. The line rings and rings.

MARCUS
Please be home...Please be home...

Finally, the answering machine picks up.

JAMES (V.O.)
Hi! This is the Burnett's!

Marcus sighs, frustrated.

MEGAN (V.O.)
You know what to do!

MARCUS
(into the phone)
Theresa. Where are you? Call me. It's important. Very important.

He hangs up. Turns on the T.V.

On it, the news reported in Nguni. Marcus changes the channel. Soccer. The play-by-play in Zulu. Another channel. The same soccer game with the play-by-play in Xhosa.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Soccer's good. Real boring. No girls. Nobody scores.

The phone RINGS. Marcus stumbles over shit to get to it.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello?! Theresa! Thank God!

205 INT. BURNETT HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING 205

Theresa and the kids are eating breakfast and watching T.V.

THERESA
Marcus. What happened to you last night? Where were you?

The kids all perk up, realizing their dad's on the phone.

MEGAN
It's daddy!

INTERCUT MARCUS in Cape Town and the BURNETT'S in Miami.

MARCUS
I'll explain it all later. Listen. This is an emergency. What are you wearing?

Before she can answer, Megan pulls at Theresa's arm.

THERESA
Megan wants to say "hi."

MARCUS
No, don't --

Before Marcus can finish protesting, Megan's on the phone.

MEGAN
See any lions yet, daddy?

MARCUS
No. Can I --

MEGAN
-- Elephants?

MARCUS
No. No elephants.

MEGAN
Rhinos?

MARCUS
Too many! Now, can I please talk to mommy?

Megan gets distracted by the cartoon. Starts laughing. Sets down the phone. Forgets about it.

Marcus hears the kids laughing in the background.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

He's about to scream when Theresa picks up again.

THERESA
Hi.

MARCUS
Don't hand the phone to nobody else! I want to talk to you. I need to talk to you. Just you!

Something in the urgency of his voice alarms her.

THERESA
You all right?

MARCUS
It's so good to hear your voice. I miss you so much. Been thinkin' hard about you.

THERESA
I miss you too.

MARCUS
(puts on his sexy voice)
Bet you're wearing something sexy.

Theresa rolls her eyes.

THERESA
Marcus. It's morning. The kids are eating breakfast.

MARCUS
Come on. Tell me. Your wearing jeans? A T-shirt?

THERESA
Mm-hmmm. And my old socks and tennis shoes.

That excites Marcus.

MARCUS
Oooo. You always look good in those.

That alarms Theresa even more.

THERESA
Hold on.
(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)
(to the kids)
What're you all doing inside on such a beautiful day? Go outside. Play in the pool.

The kids all groan.

MEGAN
It's too early.

THERESA
Go outside, and get your asses in the pool. Right now!

QUINCY
But mom, we're eating.

THERESA
Your daddy worked hard on that pool!

The kids reluctantly exit. Theresa returns to the phone.

MARCUS
You don't know what it does for me when you yell at the kids like that...

206 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, MIKE'S SUITE - DAY 206

Mike opens the door to exit but runs into Syd who was just about to knock. Mike just stands there. Surprised.

SYD
Aren't you going to say "hi"?

MIKE
I'm afraid of saying it wrong.

Syd smiles, then...

SYD
Where are you going?

MIKE
Out.

SYD
We're supposed to be working together.

MIKE
<u>Now</u> you want to work together?

SYD
I'm here, aren't I? So, where were you going?

Mike studies her. Then...

MIKE
All right. But if I tell you this, then we are really working together. That means, you share too.

SYD
Deal.

MIKE
OK. I was thinking, how did Van Houten get to the club last night?

SYD
That's it? He probably took a cab.

MIKE
Yeah, and he could've walked. But maybe, he drove.

SYD
(realizes)
And maybe his car still parked around there somewhere.

MIKE
Maybe.

207 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY 207

Mike and Syd move down the hall toward Marcus' room.

MIKE
Now, that we're working together, I gotta tell you something.

SYD
It better not be a line.

MIKE
It's not a line. I don't like being near you.

SYD
You don't like being near me?

MIKE
No. I do not.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
You have this way of making me think too hard about what I say. I'm always worried about what you're gonna think. Being around women usually makes me feel good, but being around you just makes me ...crazy.

Syd eyes Mike up and down. Smiles.

SYD
That's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me.

They arrive at Marcus' room. Stop. She KNOCKS on the hotel room door.

MARCUS (THROUGH THE DOOR)
Go away!

Mike calls through the door.

MIKE
Got an idea. Gotta go check it out!

MARCUS (THROUGH THE DOOR)
(strained)
Can't you do shit without me?!

Mike and Syd exchange looks, then...

MIKE
OK, that's cool. Syd's here. I'll just go with her. Hook up with you later when you find some "downtime."

208 INT. TABLE BAY HOTEL, ROOM - DAY 208

Marcus considers Mike and Syd alone together, then...

MARCUS
Motherfucker-shit-goddamn-piss!

THERESA
What'd you say?

Marcus tries to calm down.

MARCUS
(into the phone)
I'm sorry, baby...

THERESA
Oh no, don't you sorry baby me now!

MARCUS
(into the phone)
...I gotta go.

209 INT. BURNETT HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING 209

Theresa sighs. Hangs up. Megan bursts in...

MEGAN
Mom! Quincy popped my raft!

Theresa looks at the deflated raft, then to her daughter.

THERESA
Megan, never marry a cop.

210 INT. SYD'S BMW, MOVING - DAY 210

One ear on her cell phone, Syd drives. Mike and Marcus along for the ride. Syd hangs up.

SYD
Vehicle records indicate Van Houten's got a white Mercedes.

They arrive at the club. Pull into the parking lot. It's EMPTY. The club is closed.

211 EXT. THE WILD CLUB, PARKING LOT - DAY 211

Syd parks, and they all climb out. Look around.

MARCUS
It's not here. Let's go.

MIKE
It was crowded last night. Maybe he parked on the...

Mike scans the street. Sees the white MERCEDES parked illegally. A ticket on its windshield.

212 EXT. LOOP STREET, CAPE TOWN - DAY 212

Mike, Marcus, and Syd peer in the windows.

MARCUS
Damn. Look at this thing. Fully loaded. Criminals always got better cars than me.

MIKE
If you had this car, it'd just end up looking like your car.

SYD
We should probably impound it. Get a search warrant.

MIKE
Or we can say it was like this when we got here.

SYD
Like what?

Mike pile-drives his elbow into the passenger side window. The ALARM WAILS. Mike pops open the door.

213 INT. WHITE MERCEDES - DAY 213

Leather interior. Completely clean. If you don't count the two AUTOMATIC RIFLES concealed under the seats.

Mike opens the ashtray, finds a couple crumpled slips of paper. Uncrumples one. Studies it.

MIKE
"A-406 Victoria Road."

SYD
That's in Clifton.

Mike uncrumples another piece of paper. Reads it.

MIKE
Looks like he was there yesterday. Bought some gas.

He shows Syd the receipt from a Clifton station.

MARCUS
Let's go find out what he was doing.

214 EXT. CLIFTON BEACH - DAY 214

The Cape Riviera. Posh beach homes with spectacular views of the Atlantic and Table Mountain.

215 EXT. VICTORIA ROAD - DAY 215

Syd's BMW rolls to a stop across the street from A-406 Victoria Road, a high-walled, security-gated home.

216 INT. SYD'S BMW - DAY 216

Mike, Marcus, and Syd all study the property. Through the wrought iron gates, we see several cars parked.

MARCUS
OK. No car chases. Not with you two. We're just gonna go in there, find out what we can, then get out. No car chase, all right?

They ready their guns.

SYD
That's right. We're just gonna go in. Ask some questions. Take a look around.

217 EXT. CLIFTON HOME - DAY 217

Mike, Marcus, and Syd crest the stone wall.

Below, a MAN wearing a white-collar shirt and a GUN in a shoulder holster patrols the grounds.

A beat, then Mike, Marcus, and Syd all JUMP DOWN. Surround the guy. Point their guns in his face.

MIKE
Freeze!

The guy turns. We now see he's wearing an ID necklace. Syd recognizes the insignia.

SYD
Whoa. Shit.

MARCUS
What the fuck?

SYD
Parliament security.

Just then, ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE booms from behind.

MAN'S VOICE
Drop your weapons! On your knees, hands in the air! Now!

Syd, Mike, and Marcus all wheel around to find...

A DOZEN more MEN with guns trained on them. One of the men is Minister Goodman's AIDE. He sees Syd. Sighs...

AIDE
Agent Burnett. Goddammit.

Now, everybody's confused.

AIDE (CONT'D)
(to the men)
It's all right. She's DEA.

218 CLOSE ON a long case. It's opened. Inside, pieces of a HIGH-POWERED SCOPE RIFLE. WIDEN to reveal... 218

219 EXT. CLIFTON BEACH HOUSE, ROOFTOP - DAY 219

DEVON and three other SNIPERS assemble their rifles. Take their positions along the roof perimeter.

220 EXT. CLIFTON HOME - DAY 220

The guards let down their guns.

AIDE
What the hell are you doing here?

SYD
I was just about to ask you that.

Now, another GUARD steps up.

GUARD
They're here.

The men all immediately hop to, head toward the front of the property.

MIKE
Who's here?

AIDE
The Minister and his family.

Mike, Marcus, and Syd all stop. Look at each other, like holy shit! No time to explain, they take off running...

221 EXT. CLIFTON HOME, FRONT DRIVE - DAY 221

The Minister's armored limousine pulls in.

ON DEVON'S P.O.V. through his rifle sight. He follows the limousine with his scope.

ON THE GUARDS as they close the front gates.

The LIMO DRIVER climbs out.

ON DEVON'S P.O.V. The scope's cross-hairs follow the limo driver as he goes to open the limo's back door.

ON MIKE, MARCUS, and SYD as they come racing out from the back of the property yelling...

MARCUS
Everyone down! Now!

Too late. The driver opens the limo's back door, and MINISTER GOODMAN starts to climb out.

MIKE lunges for him. Shoulders him to the ground just as...

CRACK! The sound of SNIPER FIRE.

BOOM! The bullet misses Minister Goodman. Hits the limo driver instead. He drops.

In an instant...TOTAL MAYHEM. SNIPER FIRE everywhere. Everyone dives for cover.

SYD and MARCUS duck behind a parked VOLVO. Scan the surrounding rooftops...

Spot the SNIPERS on a beach house roof across the way.

SYD and MARCUS return fire...

222 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 222

The Minister's wife and son hold onto each other as BULLETS riddle the limo, BOUNCING off the bullet-proof glass.

223 EXT. CLIFTON HOME, FRONT DRIVE - DAY 223

Mike and Minister Goodman scramble around the other side of the limousine for cover. Mike throws open the driver's door, and Minister Goodman clambers inside.

MIKE
Go! Go! Go!

224 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 224

Minister Goodman throws the car into gear.

225 EXT. CLIFTON HOME, FRONT DRIVE - DAY 225

The LIMOUSINE PEELS OUT, goes flying in reverse...

Several parliament GUARDS jump in cars and fall in behind the limousine as it BARRELS through the gates and disappears up the road.

MIKE dives behind the Volvo. Joins Marcus and Syd. They cover their heads as the car is OBLITERATED by heavy ordnance. The windows all EXPLODE. Glass SHARDS spray over their heads.

Syd yells over the din.

SYD
Cover me!

MIKE
Where're you going?!

But she doesn't answer. She just sprints across the driveway toward the beach house.

The SNIPERS chase Syd with bullets, which POCK the pavement at her feet.

MIKE watches her, enamored.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Your sister's crazy!

MARCUS
I tried to tell you!

MIKE
I think I love her!

That makes MARCUS so mad, he pops up and takes out THREE SNIPERS on the roof...BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

226 EXT. CLIFTON BEACH HOUSE, ROOFTOP - DAY 226

The SNIPERS drop. Only DEVON left. He calmly slings his rifle over his shoulder. Leaves.

227 EXT. CLIFTON BEACH HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - DAY 227

Syd races up the driveway just as...

CRASH! A Mercedes BLASTS out of the beach house's closed garage, splintering the door...

SYD lunges out of harm's way. Turns. Sees DEVON at the wheel.

She EMPTIES HER CLIP into the Mercedes as Devon flies by her and fishtails onto the street...

228 EXT. VICTORIA ROAD - DAY 228

SYD hurries to her BMW. PEELS OUT. Speeds right past...

MIKE and MARCUS who come sprinting up the street.

MIKE
Hey!

But the BMW doesn't stop. She blows by them.

229 EXT. CLIFTON HOME, FRONT DRIVE - DAY 229

MIKE and MARCUS hurry to a Parliament Security car, an AUDI.

MARCUS
I'm driving!

230 INT. AUDI - DAY 230

Marcus and Mike hop in.

MARCUS
I knew this would turn into a car chase. Did I say it?

Marcus searches for the ignition. Realizes everything's on the wrong side, including the gear shift.

MIKE
We're gonna miss it if you don't get going!

Marcus finally finds the ignition. Fires it up. Fumbles with the gears. Finds one, then guns it. And sends the car accelerating...BACKWARDS!

231 EXT. CLIFTON HOME, FRONT DRIVE - DAY 231

The AUDI careens backwards and CRASHES through a GARAGE DOOR.

232 INT. AUDI - DAY 232

Marcus tries to shift, reaching over with his right hand instead.

MIKE
What's the matter with you?!

MARCUS
Shit's all backwards.

Marcus grinds the gears to shit.

Frustrated, Mike looks back. Can't believe his eyes. Parked in the garage right behind them is...

A SPARKLING SILVER CUSTOM PORSCHE 911 G2...

233 The PORSCHE flies right at us like a silver bullet, ENGINE SCREAMING. 233

234 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 234

This coastal highway at the base of the Twelve Apostles cuts through sheer cliffs that plunge into the sea below.

There's the PORSCHE. Making up ground...

Around the bend ahead, the BMW. Then, the MERCEDES.

235 INT. BMW, MOVING - DAY 235

Syd's on her cell phone.

SYD
(into the phone)
Give me the police service. This is an emergency.

236 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 236

Even though everything's all backwards in this European issue Porsche, Mike's got it down. Expertly shifts with his left hand. No problem. Except that...

237 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 237

The Porsche is on the <u>wrong side of the road</u>.

The DRIVER of an on-coming VOLVO lays on his horn.

238 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 238

Mike zips into the right lane which is the left lane.

MIKE
I knew that!

239 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 239

The PORSCHE catches up to Syd's BMW. But the road's winding single lanes make it next to impossible to pass.

240 INT. SYD'S BMW, MOVING - DAY 240

Syd's flooring it, but the Porsche is riding her ass.

241 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 241

Mike downshifts. Slows. Not happy about being boxed in.

MARCUS
Least she could do is move the hell out of our way.

Finally, Mike can't take it anymore. A blind turn ahead. Could be a car coming. Or maybe not. Mike GUNS IT.

242 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 242

The PORSCHE zips up next to the BMW. Starts to pass...

243 INT. SYD'S BMW, MOVING - DAY 243

Syd sees the PORSCHE on her flank. She also sees what they don't see...

An OSTRICH TRUCK coming the other way around the bend.

244 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 244

Now, Mike sees the truck too.

MIKE
Let us in...let us in...

245 INT. SYD'S BMW, MOVING - DAY 245

Syd throws the wheel.

246 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 246

The BMW veers onto the shoulder, giving the Porsche just enough room to slip in and avoid the on-coming ostrich truck.

247 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 247

Mike zips back into their lane. Pulls in front of Syd.

MIKE
See that? She let me in. She likes me!

MARCUS
Now, don't go reading shit into every-
thing. Just because the woman didn't
let you die doesn't mean anything.

248 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 248

The PORSCHE is now closing the gap on the Mercedes.

249 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 249

Mike red-lines it. The Mercedes in their sight.

MIKE
When you fell for Theresa, what'd it
feel like? I mean, that moment,
when you knew?

MARCUS
Don't you try to equate the beautiful
love I have for my wife with your
dirty dog love.

MIKE
I mean it. This is real.

Marcus studies Mike. Realizes he's serious.

MARCUS
Well, then we're both in for some
heavy shit now. 'Cause truth is,
that woman breaks hearts.

We're on the Mercedes' back bumper now. Mike tries to overtake it...

250 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 250

The MERCEDES cuts off the PORSCHE. Slams on its brakes...

The PORSCHE swerves, veers across the lanes. Caroms off the ancient brick "guard rail"...

251 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 251

Mike fights the wheel. Swerves back into their lane.

MARCUS
Every friend I ever had's been dumped
by my sister. You think I'd be happy.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Big Mike Lowrey about to get the ol' heave-ho for once. But it's just gonna make my life hell. Like every other time. My friends calling me, cryin' why hasn't my sister called. And, how can my sister be so cold.

MIKE
You're lying.

MARCUS
Wish I was.

Ahead, the MERCEDES hogs the road. Drives down the center line. Keeping the Porsche behind it.

252 CLOSE ON A COLLAPSIBLE STRING of ROAD SPIKES thrown across the highway. The string SNAP-LOCKS straight, ready to shred any tire that dares to cross its path. 252

We WIDEN to reveal we are at...

253 EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY 253

A line of SAPS PATROL CARS, parked, lights flashing. NICO searches the highway ahead.

Around the bend comes the MERCEDES. Barreling toward them. Full throttle. A bend in the road right before it.

NICO
(calls out)
Into position!

254 INT. MERCEDES, MOVING - DAY 254

Through the windshield, DEVON sees the rag-tag force of SAPS taking cover behind their squad cars. Their weapons all trained on him. Only one way to avoid it. Devon accelerates...

255 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 255

The Mercedes speeds toward the bend in the road. But DOES NOT TURN. Instead, the Mercedes keeps going straight, crashes through the guard rail, and PLUMMETS RIGHT OFF THE EDGE...

256 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 256

Stunned, Mike and Marcus watch as the Mercedes disappears over the edge.

257 EXT. WATER - DAY 257

The Mercedes hits the water...SPLASH!

258 INT. MERCEDES, SINKING - DAY 258

The AIRBAGS EXPLODE in Devon's face.

259 INT. PORSCHE, MOVING - DAY 259

Mike holds the wheel tight. Still going full throttle.

MIKE
Shit! He's getting away!

MARCUS
He didn't get away. He drove off the cliff!

MIKE
He did that shit on purpose. We gotta stop him!

MARCUS
No, we don't! I promised Theresa I'd come home alive. Clean out the garage.

MIKE
Then, hold on!

260 INT. SYD'S BMW, MOVING - DAY 260

Through her windshield, Syd watches in awe as the Porsche flies off the cliff ahead...

261 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 261

The Porsche rockets off the edge and SAILS THROUGH THE AIR. A thing of beauty until it hits...

262 EXT. WATER - DAY 262

Going about 90 mph. Too big of a splash. The judges will deduct for that.

263 INT. PORSCHE, SINKING - DAY 263

The Porsche's AIRBAGS violently explode! Marcus and Mike punch them down as the Porsche submerges.

264 EXT. CHAPMAN'S PEAK DRIVE - DAY 264

The Jetta brodies to a stop just short of the cliff. Syd jumps out races to the edge. Sees the Porsche disappear...

265 UNDERWATER 265

The Porsche sinks like a rock.

266 INT. PORSCHE, SINKING - DAY 266

Mike and Marcus both try their doors. Nothing. Too much water pressure. Mike turns his gun on the windshield.

MARCUS
Wait-wait-wait!

MIKE
What?!

MARCUS
They got penguins on the beach here.

MIKE
So?

MARCUS
So, water's gonna be motherfucking cold!

MIKE
Don't forget to undo your seat-belt.

Mike shoots...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The windshield SHATTERS. Implodes. SALT WATER gushes in.

267 UNDERWATER 267

MARCUS unlatches his seat-belt, swims out of the sinking Porsche, and heads to the surface.

But MIKE swims down, searching for the Mercedes. Sand churns. Visibility zero.

Lungs on fire, Mike finally finds the Mercedes on the bottom...

But it's EMPTY. Devon's gone.

268 EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY 268

Syd scrambles down the boulders to the shore.

Frantically searches the water's surface.

Marcus drags his ass to shore. Clings to the rocks. Cheated death one more time. He sees his sister running toward him. He holds up his hand...

MARCUS
Don't worry. I'm fine.

But she runs by him. And helps Mike out of the water.

SYD
You all right?

Mike searches the shoreline.

MIKE
Where'd he come out? You see him come out?

MARCUS
You crazy? He's dead.

Mike continues to scan the water. Eyes focused, intense.

MIKE
No, he's not.

269 CLOSE ON Minister Goodman's AIDE. Being thrown into an office chair. We WIDEN to reveal we're in... 269

270 INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY 270

Marcus and Syd stand over the AIDE. Mike gets in his face.

MIKE
Yesterday, only two people in the whole world knew where the Minister's safe house was. Minister Goodman and you. So how did Van Houten get the address?

AIDE
I don't know how he got it. I swear.

The aide sweats. Nervously scans the room. Furrows his brow briefly. Marcus catches it.

MARCUS
See that shit, Mike?

MIKE
I did.

The aide looks at them, confused.

AIDE
See what?

MIKE
It's called a micro-expression.

MARCUS
You furrowed your fucking brow. Just for a second. Enough to tell us you're lying your ass off.

MIKE
Now. I'm going to ask you one more time. I want the name of the man running the operation.

AIDE
I don't know.

The aide tries hard to keep his brow unfurrowed.

MIKE
What's the matter with you? This man killed two of my men, killed your Secretary, and tried to kill your boss. He's going down, whether you help us or not, and then you're going down with him.

The aide is really scared now. But offers nothing.

Mike suddenly reaches in. Grabs the aide by his collar.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You sonuvabitch --

MARCUS
-- Uh-oh. You had your chance. Now, things about to get ugly.

Mike is just about to start pounding on the guy, but Syd stops them with...

SYD
We don't have time for this.

She pulls out her gun, pushes Mike aside, and presses the barrel of her gun into the AIDE'S CROTCH.

SYD (CONT'D)
Now, you're going to tell me this
(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)
guy's name, or I am going to shoot your dick off.

Mike and Marcus are stunned. Can't look. She's in sacred territory now.

SYD (CONT'D)
And you better believe that I will do it. Because I am a woman. Which means I do not have a dick. Which means I have no qualms about shooting one off.

Her finger tightens on the trigger. Finally...

AIDE
He's going to kill my family.

Mike, Marcus, and Syd all exchange a look. He knows.

MIKE
You give us his name, and I promise you, we will nail him.

A long beat, then...

AIDE
Devon Crawley.

271 INT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY 271

Nico moves down the hall with Mike, Marcus, and Syd.

MIKE
His compound's out in the bush.

NICO
If Crawley's ex-CCB, then he's got a whole army working for him with enough firepower to take out a small country.

MIKE
You're saying we don't have a chance.

NICO
That's right.

MIKE
You don't have to come.

They round the corner. There stands all of Nico's men, armed and ready for battle. Nico smiles.

NICO
We wouldn't miss it.

272 EXT. SAVANNA BUSHVELD - DAY 272

Tall grasses. Sparse thorny trees. Home of Africa's big five game animals. A heat mirage rises in the distance as a plume of dust appears on the horizon.

A beat, then we see it...

A caravan of dilapidated SAPS vehicles as well as the DEA. In the lead, an old MILITARY TRANSPORT TRUCK.

273 INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT TRUCK CAB, MOVING - DAY 273

Mike drives. Nico sits shotgun.

274 INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT TRUCK, CANOPIED BED, MOVING - DAY 274

In the back of the truck, Marcus, Syd, and a dozen other SAPS sit on bench seats, loading and checking their weapons.

One SAPS OFFICER studies Syd. The only woman. Comments...

SAPS OFFICER
Shouldn't she have stayed back home?

Syd opens her mouth to defend herself but is cut off by Marcus...

MARCUS
She can handle herself.

Syd looks to Marcus. Stunned. Touched.

275 INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT TRUCK CAB, MOVING - DAY 275

Up ahead, Nico and Mike finally see it...

DEVON'S FORTIFIED COMPOUND.

Mike looks to Nico's old single-shot rifle.

MIKE
Think you have enough bullets?

NICO
Just got to make each shot count.

Just then, Marcus pokes his heads into the cab, sees the compound up ahead.

MARCUS
How the hell we supposed to get in there?

Mike accelerates right for the compound's wood front gates...

276 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND - DAY 276

Military vehicles. Patrolling HENCHMEN.

Suddenly, the TRANSPORT TRUCK CRASHES through the gates. Wood SPLINTERS and FLIES.

A DOZEN ARMED HENCHMEN wheel around, open FIRE...

The SAPS OFFICERS spill out of the back of the truck, returning fire...

The other SAPS and DEA vehicles skid to stops. OFFICERS and AGENTS jump out, swarm the property.

Everybody's shooting...

BULLETS rake the vehicles...

277 INT. DEVON'S HOME, STUDY - DAY 277

Devon hears the report of heavy ordnance outside. Finishes his drink. Stands. Grabs a gun from his case.

278 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, VARIOUS - DAY 278

HENCHMEN spray bullets on full auto...

MIKE, MARCUS, SYD, and NICO take cover behind the truck.

MARCUS
Good plan! Now what?!

Mike sees more bad news...

279 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, TOWER - DAY 279

A HENCHMAN launches a GRENADE at the transport truck...

280 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND - DAY 280

Mike, Marcus, Syd, and Nico see it coming.

MIKE
Run!

They do. Just as...

The TRANSPORT TRUCK is blown off its wheels...

Everyone scatters...

Under the raining fiery shrapnel, Marcus, Mike, and Syd race to the house. Broken field running...

NICO dives for cover, comes up shooting. All single shots. Every time he squeezes the trigger, someone dies.

Then he sees...

In the tower, a SHARPSHOOTER takes aim at MIKE...

NICO picks him off before he gets off his shot.

The SHARPSHOOTER dies and falls, in that order. To the ground.

Nico hurries to his body. Takes his RIFLE.

281 INT. DEVON'S HOME, FOYER - DAY 281

While the war rages on outside, Mike, Marcus, and Syd move through the Georgian-style house. Split up.

282 INT. DEVON'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 282

More dead animal trophy heads here. A zebra skin rug covers the hardwood floor in front of the fireplace. Multiple framed glass doors lead to a balcony with a spectacular view.

Mike crosses the room. Reaches the kitchen door. Almost runs right into a HENCHMAN who goes to shoot...

On reflex, Mike deflects the henchman's hand upward.

The misfire takes out a LION'S head. Fur flies.

Mike SLAMS the butt of his rifle into the henchman's face. He drops.

283 INT. DEVON'S HOME, STUDY - DAY 283

Syd enters. No one here. Notices out the window...

Behind the compound is an AIRSTRIP. Two HENCHMEN hurry to the Piper Seneca airplane.

SYD
Shit.

She turns and is greeted by...

DEVON. Who jabs the NEEDLE of a SYRINGE into her arm.

She would react. If she could. Instead, she drops her gun. It CLANKS to the floor.

Devon catches her before she collapses.

DEVON
I need you to help me get out of here.

284 INT. DEVON'S HOME, VERANDAH - DAY 284

Marcus creeps across the verandah. Almost shoots MIKE who emerges at the other end of the room.

MARCUS
Find him?

Mike looks past Marcus. Sees what he doesn't...

DEVON DRAGGING SYD across the dirt behind the house.

285 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, BEHIND THE HOUSE - DAY 285

Mike and Marcus emerge from the house. Guns on Devon.

MARCUS
Freeze, motherfucker!

Devon wheels around. Puts his gun to Syd's head.

DEVON
You're going to let me go, or I'm going to shoot her.

Mike and Marcus stop. They now see that Syd's body is completely limp.

MARCUS
The hell you do to her?!

DEVON
Oh, she's fine. Fully aware of everything going on. She just can't move.

Marcus tries to go after Devon, but...

Devon's FINGER tightens on the trigger. Marcus stops.

DEVON (CONT'D)
She's my insurance. You let me get on that plane, and I let her go as soon as I am assured of my own safety.

Marcus and Mike consider their options. They have none. They watch helpless as...

DEVON continues toward the waiting plane...

Now, NICO rounds the corner of the house. Comes upon Mike and Marcus. Sees what they see...

DEVON's almost to the plane.

NICO
You know what he will do to her, don't you?

DEVON pulls Syd up the steps.

As soon as they disappear inside the plane, MIKE and MARCUS sprint after them...

286 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE - DAY 286

Dragging Syd, Devon clambers aboard. Joins the HENCHMEN already here. Devon unceremoniously drops Syd onto the cabin floor. Devon looks at her. She looks at him, eyes desperate.

DEVON
(to the henchmen)
As soon as we get in the air, throw her out.

He steps over her body and heads into the cockpit.

287 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, AIRSTRIP - DAY 287

On the plane, one of the HENCHMEN reaches out to pull up the steps/hatch. Sees...

MIKE and MARCUS coming at him.

He EMPTIES his clip, sending...

MIKE and MARCUS diving in two directions...

BULLETS rake the ground between them, kicking up dust...

288 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE - DAY 288

Devon and the other henchman hurry to their seats.

Strap in. Fire up the engines.

289 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, AIRSTRIP - DAY 289

The PLANE'S ENGINES ROAR to life. The HENCHMAN has to stop shooting to close the hatch...

MIKE shoots, a perfect shot, right between the eyes...

The HENCHMAN staggers and tumbles out of the plane as it lurches forward...

Legs pumping, MIKE and MARCUS race after it...

MIKE is faster. Gets there first. Scrambles up the steps...

290 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - DAY 290

Cockpit is vibrating. The henchman adds power.

291 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, CABIN - DAY 291

Mike finds Syd lying on the cabin floor. She looks at him, then looks to the...cockpit.

MIKE
I'm going. I'm going.

He stumbles toward the cockpit. Has a clear shot of Devon. Takes it just as they hit a bump...

292 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - DAY 292

His gunshot goes wide. Lead bounces off the bulkhead. Ricochets off the control panel. Hits the henchman in the chest. Killing him.

Devon grabs the yoke. Pulls it.

293 EXT. DEVON'S COMPOUND, AIRSTRIP - DAY 293

Marcus is still running. Almost there. He lunges for...

The plane's steps. Fingernails digging in. Grabs hold just as the plane takes off. Climbs fast.

Marcus hangs on tight. Tries to haul his ass into the plane.

He glances down. Bad idea. He suddenly feels sick.

With all his might, he pulls himself up the steps...

294 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, CABIN - DAY 294

Marcus crawls inside. Collapses to the floor. Mind-numbing turbulence. Ear-splitting sound.

Mike staggers toward the cockpit. Wind is blowing shit all around the cabin.

Just then, Devon steps out of the cockpit. Takes a shot at Mike...

But the plane ROLLS unexpectedly.

Everyone goes flying, careening off the bulkhead...

MARCUS tumbles to the tail and into...

295 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, LAVATORY - DAY 295

WHAM! Marcus is slammed against the wall. Then, SLAM! The door closes on him.

296 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, CABIN - DAY 296

SYD is thrown toward the open hatch. Her body slams against the wall right next to it...

MIKE sees her slipping toward the opening. No choice. He drops his rifle. Lunges for her. Grabs hold...

DEVON takes advantage. Turns his gun on Mike...

Just then, BOOM! Marcus kicks open the bathroom door. Comes out shooting...

Catches DEVON in the shoulder. Devon spins, sprays bullets across the bulkhead...

Something catches his ankle. DEVON looks down.

It's SYD. Holding his ankle. Her hand is working now.

DEVON turns his gun on her...

MIKE kicks him in the chest...

DEVON stumbles back. Reaches for the hatch. Catches it for a second, but his hand slips...

And there goes Devon. Out the open hatch door.

We FOLLOW him. SCREAMING all the way down...

297 EXT. SKY - DAY 297

The plane flies erratically. Engines stalling. Nose coming down. Engine firing again. Plane rising dramatically.

298 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, CABIN - DAY 298

The plane shudders. Gripped by turbulence. Marcus and Mike both scramble to the cockpit.

299 INT. PIPER SENECA AIRPLANE, COCKPIT - DAY 299

Marcus out-muscles Mike. Beats him to the captain's chair.

MARCUS
This is a plane. Ain't no way I'm letting you drive it.

MIKE
You don't drive a plane. You fly it.

MARCUS
You think you can fly a plane?

MIKE
No, I'm pretty sure we're gonna crash.

MARCUS
The hell we doing in here then?

Mike pops open the cockpit closet revealing...TWO PARACHUTES.

MIKE
Looking for these.

300 EXT. SKY - DAY 300

MARCUS flying SCREAMING. Pulls his chute...WHOOSH!

MIKE strapped to SYD. The couple floats down next to him. Mike expertly steering with the guidelines.

301 EXT. SAVANNA BUSHVELD FIELD - DAY 301

Out of gas, the PLANE tumbles from the sky, CRASHES into an open field of tall grass, crumples like a toy.

302 EXT. SAVANNA BUSHVELD - DAY 302

Not far away, here comes Marcus. Still SCREAMING, he finally lands in...

A giant Umbrella Thorn tree. The branches break, and he CRASHES to the ground. His chute a shredded tangled mess.

A few yards away, MIKE and SYD touch down. A picture perfect landing. Except that Mike lands on top of her. They just lie there like that for a beat, looking at each other.

MIKE
You OK? Getting any feeling back yet?

Without warning, Syd kisses him. Then, smiles...

SYD
Starting to.

MIKE
I was wondering how many more times I was gonna have to save your ass before you kissed me.

SYD
(scoffs)
You never saved my life.

Mike laughs, incredulous.

MIKE
Since I've known you, you almost got shot, almost got thrown out of a plane, and almost got run over by a plane.

SYD
I had a good chance of beating that 747.

MIKE
Yeah. You got a pretty hard head.

SYD
Now, don't try to sweet talk me.

LATER. The beaten, bruised, and bloody trio hikes through the bushveld. EXOTIC WILD ANIMALS hanging out. It's almost sunset. A beautiful world.

They pass...

A WOODEN OBSERVATION DECK. On which TOURISTS stand, snapping pictures of the raggedy trio.

Just ahead, a luxury safari lodge.

MARCUS
(to the tourists)
Anybody know if they got a gift shop around here?

303 CLOSE ON a television screen. Footage of Devon's compound which has been cordoned off. SAPS OFFICERS cart out weapons and boxes of evidence and load them into SAPS vehicles. 303

NEWS REPORTER
Today, the South African Police Service busted an organized crime ring run by...

A PHOTO of Devon CRAWLEY flashes on the screen.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
...former Civil Cooperation Bureau official, Devon Crawley.

The news then cuts to MINISTER GOODMAN standing with his WIFE and SON as well as NICO. The minister finishes his statement for reporters in front of Cape Town City Hall.

MINISTER GOODMAN
...This was a major victory for my department, and it is just the beginning of the fight...

We WIDEN to reveal we are in...

304 INT. CAPE TOWN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 304

Mike and Marcus wait at the gate. Marcus holds several stuffed animals. Mike looks around, checks his watch.

MIKE
Where's Syd? She said she'd be here.

MARCUS
(rolls his eyes)
Oh hell, it starts.

MIKE
No really. She said she had to some paperwork to do. Said she was gonna call me this morning, but she hasn't called.

MARCUS
That's because she's not gonna call because you're getting dumped.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You may not understand it 'cause it's never happened to you. But believe it.

Just then, Syd comes running up, laden with suitcases, out of breath.

Marcus eyes the suitcases.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Going somewhere?

SYD
Decided to take a vacation.

MARCUS
Well, you're not staying with me.

MIKE
She can stay with me.

SYD
Who said I was going to Miami? I'm going to the Bahamas. Lay on the beach. Drink champagne. Watch the sunset.
(to Mike)
Wanna join me?

Mike eyes her.

MIKE
Are you picking up on me?

Syd smiles, flirtatiously.

SYD
Maybe.

Marcus studies the two love-birds.

MARCUS
Looks like someone's gonna be getting dumped in the Bahamas. Don't know who it's gonna be, but don't neither of you be calling me when it happens. I got a lot of shit to do at home...

305 EXT. BURNETT HOME - NIGHT 305

Back home in Miami. A light is on in the Burnett's garage.

306 INT. BURNETT HOME, GARAGE - NIGHT 306

OK. You've seen messy garages before. But this one takes the cake. No room to walk around let alone to park a car. Boxes, old furniture, and shit everywhere.

Marcus is here, trying to sort through the ruins. He grabs an old painted board with rusty nails sticking out of it. Studies it.

Just then, Theresa enters.

THERESA
There you are.

Marcus holds up the board.

MARCUS
What is this?

THERESA
A piece of the old base boards.

MARCUS
Any reason why we're keeping it?

THERESA
Kids are gone.

MARCUS
Well, I'm throwing it out. And you can't stop me.
(realizes)
What'd you just say?

THERESA
Quincy's at Josh's. Megan's at Stephanie's birthday party, and James went to the movies with the Ferguson's.

Theresa smiles, that look in her eyes. Then exits.

Marcus looks at the board, then puts it right back where he found it, and chases after his wife.

FADE OUT.

THE END.